

ESSAYS,
MORAL
AND
POLITICAL.

VOLUME II.



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Richard Warner



Advertisement.

TIS proper to inform the
READER, that, in those
ESSAYS, intituled, *The
Epicurean, Stoic, &c.* a cer-
tain Character is personated; and
therefore, no Offence ought to
be taken at any Sentiments con-
tain'd in them.

THE Character of Sir RO-
BERT WALPOLE was drawn
some Months ago, when that
Great MAN was in the Zenith
of his Power. I must confess,
that, at present, when he seems
to be upon the Decline, I am
inclin'd to think more favou-
rably

iv Advertisement.

rably of him, and to suspect, that the Antipathy, which every true born *Briton* naturally bears to Ministers of State, inspir'd me with some Prejudice against him. The impartial READER, if any such there be; or Posterity, if such a Trifle can reach them, will best be able to correct my Mistakes in this Particular.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 49, Line 20, for *out* read *up*. P. 106, L. 3, for *God* read *Gods*. P. 125, L. *ante-pen.* for the *Comma* a *Point*.

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ESSAY I.

Of ESSAY-WRITING.

THE elegant Part of Mankind, who are not immers'd in the animal Life, but employ themselves in the Operations of the Mind, may be divided into the *learned* and *conversible*. The Learned are such as have chosen for their Portion the higher and more difficult Operations of the Mind, which require Leisure and Solitude, and cannot be brought to Perfection, without long Preparation and severe Labour. The conversible World join to a sociable Disposition, and a Taste of Pleasure, an Inclination to the easier and more gentle Exercises of the Understanding, to obvious Reflections on human Affairs, and the Duties of common Life, and to the Observation of the Blemishes or Perfections of the particular Objects, that surround them. Such Subjects of Thought furnish not sufficient Employment in Solitude, but require the Company and Conversation of our Fellow-Crea-

tures, to render them a proper Exercise for the Mind: And this brings Mankind together in Society, where every one displays his Thoughts and Observations in the best Manner he is able, and mutually gives and receives Information, as well as Pleasure.

THE Separation of the Learned from the conversible World seems to have been the great Defect of the last Age, and must have had a very bad Influence both on Books and Company: For what Possibility is there of finding Topics of Conversation fit for the Entertainment of rational Creatures, without having Recourse sometimes to History, Poetry, Politics, and the more obvious Principles, at least, of Philosophy? Must our whole Discourse be a continued Series of gossiping Stories and idle Remarks? Must the Mind never rise higher, but be perpetually

*Stun'd and worn out with endless Chat
Of WILL did this, and NAN said that.*

THIS wou'd be to render the Time spent in Company the most unentertaining, as well as the most unprofitable Part of our Lives.

ON the other Hand, Learning has been as great a Loser by being shut up in Colleges and Cells, and secluded from the World and good Company. By that Means, every Thing of what we call *Belles Lettres* became totally barbarous, being cultivated by Men without any Taste of Life or Manners, and without that Liberty and Facility of Thought and Expression, which can only be acquir'd by Conversation. Even Philosophy went to Wrack by this moaping recluse Method of Study, and became as chimerical in her Conclusions as she was unintelligible in her Style and Manner of Delivery. And indeed, what cou'd be expected from Men who never consulted Experience in any of their Reasonings, or who never search'd for that Experience, where alone it is to be found, in common Life and Conversation?

'Tis with great Pleasure I observe, That Men of Letters, in this Age, have lost, in a great Measure, that Shyness and Bashfulness of Temper, which kept them at a Distance from Mankind; and, at the same Time, That Men of the World are proud of borrowing from Books their most agreeable Topics of
Con.

Conversation. 'Tis to be hop'd, that this League betwixt the learned and conversible Worlds, which is so happily begun, will be still farther improv'd to their mutual Advantage; and to that End, I know nothing more advantageous than such *Essays* as these with which I endeavour to entertain the Public. In this View, I cannot but consider myself as a Kind of Resident or Ambassador from the Dominions of Learning to those of Conversation; and shall think it my constant Duty to promote a good Correspondence betwixt these two States, which have so great a Dependence on each other. I shall give Intelligence to the Learned of whatever passes in Company, and shall endeavour to import into Company whatever Commodities I find in my native Country proper for their Use and Entertainment. The Balance of Trade we need not be jealous of, nor will there be any Difficulty to preserve it on both Sides: The Materials of this Commerce must chiefly be furnish'd by Conversation and common Life: The manufacturing of them alone belongs to Learning.

As 'twou'd be an unpardonable Negligence in an Ambassador not to pay his Respects to
the

the Sovereign of the State where he is commission'd to reside; so it wou'd be altogether inexcusable in me not to address myself, with a particular Respect, to the Fair Sex, who are the Sovereigns of the Empire of Conversation. I approach them with Reverence; and were not my Countrymen, the Learred, a stubborn independent Race of Mortals, extremely jealous of their Liberty, and unaccustom'd to Subjection, I shou'd resign into their fair Hands the sovereign Authority over the Republic of Letters. As the Case stands, my Commission extends no farther, than to desire a League, offensive and defensive, against our common Enemies, against the Enemies of Reason and Beauty, People of dull Heads and cold Hearts. From this Moment let us pursue them with the severest Vengeance: Let no Quarter be given, but to those of sound Understandings and delicate Affections; and these Characters, 'tis to be presum'd, we shall always find inseparable.

To be serious, and to quit the Allusion before it be worn thread-bare, I am of Opinion, that Women, that is, Women of Sense and Education (for to such alone I address myself)

are

are much better Judges of all polite Writing than Men of the same Degree of Understanding; and that 'tis a vain Pannic, if they be so far terrify'd with the common Ridicule that is levell'd against learned Ladies, as utterly to abandon every Kind of Books and Study to our Sex. Let the Dread of that Ridicule have no other Effect, than to make them conceal their Knowledge before Fools, who are not worthy of it, nor of them. Such will still presume upon the vain Title of the Male Sex to affect a Superiority above them: But my fair Readers may be assur'd, that all Men of Sense, who know the World, have a great Deference for their Judgment of such Books as ly within the Compass of their Knowledge, and repose more Confidence in the Delicacy of their Taste, tho' unguided by Rules, than in all the dull Labours of Pedants and Commentators. In a neighbouring Nation, equally famous for good Taste, and for Gallantry, the Ladies are, in a Manner, the Sovereigns of the *learned* World, as well as of the *conversable*; and no polite Writer pretends to venture upon the Public, without the Approbation of some celebrated Judges of that Sex. Their Verdict is, indeed, sometimes complain'd of; and, in particular,

I find,

I find, that the Admirers of *Corneille*, to save that great Poet's Honour upon the Ascendant that *Racine* began to take over him, always said, That it was not to be expected, that so old a Man could dispute the Prize, before such Judges, with so young a Man as his Rival. But this Observation has been found unjust, since Posterity seems to have ratify'd the Verdict of that Tribunal: And *Racine*, tho' dead, is still the Favourite of the Fair Sex, as well as of the best Judges among the Men.

THERE is only one Subject, on which I am apt to distrust the Judgment of Females, and that is, concerning Books of Gallantry and Devotion, which they commonly affect as high flown as possible; and most of them seem more delighted with the Warmth, than with the justness of the Passion. I mention Gallantry and Devotion as the same Subject, because, in Reality, they become the same when treated in this Manner; and we may observe, that they both depend upon the very same Complexion. As the Fair Sex have a great Share of the tender and amorous Disposition, it perverts their Judgment on this Occasion, and makes them be easily affected, even by
what

what has no Propriety in the Expression nor Nature in the Sentiment. Mr. *Addison's* elegant Discourses of Religion have no Relish with them, in Comparison of Books of mystic Devotion : And *Otway's* Tragedies are rejected for the Rants of Mr. *Dryden*.

Wou'd the Ladies correct their false Taste in this Particular ; Let them accustom themselves a little more to Books of all Kinds : Let them give Encouragement to Men of Sense and Knowledge to frequent their Company : And finally, let them concur heartily in that Union I have projected betwixt the learned and conversible Worlds. They may, perhaps, meet with more Complaisance from their usual Followers than from Men of Learning ; but they cannot reasonably expect so sincere an Affection : And, I hope, they will never be guilty of so wrong a Choice, as to sacrifice the Substance to the Shadow.

ESSAY II.

Of ELOQUENCE.

THOSE, who consider the Periods and Revolutions of human Kind, as represented in History, are entertain'd with a Spectacle full of Pleasure and Variety, and see, with Surprise, the Manners, Customs, and Opinions of the same Species susceptible of such prodigious Changes in different Periods of Time. It may, however, be observ'd, That in *civil* History there is found a much greater Uniformity than in the History of Learning and Science, and that the Wars, Negotiations and Politics of one Age resemble more those of another, than the Taste, Wit, and speculative Principles. Interest and Ambition, Honour and Shame, Friendship and Enmity, Gratitude and Revenge, are the prime Movers in all public Transactions; and these Passions are of a very stubborn and intractable Nature, in Comparifon of the Sentiments and Understanding, which are easily varied

by Education and Example. The *Goths* were much more inferior to the *Romans*, in Taste and Science, than in Courage and Virtue.

BUT not to compare together Nations so widely different, that they may almost be esteem'd of a different Species; it may be observ'd, That even this latter Period of human Learning, is, in many Respects, considerably different from the antient; and that if we be superior in Philosophy, we are still, notwithstanding all our Refinements, much inferior in Eloquence.

IN antient Times, no Performance was thought to require so great Genius and Capacity, as that of speaking in Public; and some eminent Writers have pronounc'd the Talents, even of a great Poet or Philosopher, to be of an inferior Nature to those requisite for such an Undertaking. *Greece* and *Rome* produc'd, each of them, but one accomplish'd Orator; and whatever Praises the other celebrated Speakers might merit, they were still esteem'd much inferior to those two great Heroes of Eloquence. 'Tis observable, That the antient Critics could scarce find two Orators, in any Age,

Age, that deserv'd to be plac'd precisely in the same Rank, and possess'd the same Degree of Merit. *Calvus, Calius, Curio, Hortensius, Caesar* rose one above another: But the greatest of that Age was inferior to *Cicero*, the most eloquent Speaker that had ever appear'd in *Rome*. Those of fine Taste, however, pronounc'd this Judgment of the *Roman* Orator, as well as of the *Grecian*, that both of them surpass'd in Eloquence all that had ever appear'd, but that they were far from reaching the Perfection of their Art, which was infinite, and not only exceeded human Force to attain, but also human Imagination to conceive. *Cicero* declares himself dissatisfy'd with his own Performances; nay, even with those of *Demosthenes*. *Ita sunt avidæ & capaces meæ aures, says he, & semper aliquid immensum, infinitumque desiderant.*

THESE Circumstances alone are sufficient to make us apprehend the wide Difference betwixt antient and modern Eloquence, and let us see how much the latter is inferior to the former. Of all the polite and learned Nations, *Britain* alone possesses a popular Government, or admits into the Legislature such numerous

merous Assemblies as can be suppos'd to lye under the Dominion of Eloquence. But what has *Britain* to boast of in this Particular? In enumerating all the great Men, that have done Honour to our Country, we exult in our Poets and Philosophers: But what Orators are ever mention'd? Or where are the Monuments of their Genius to be met with? There are found, indeed, in our Histories the Names of several, who directed the Resolutions of our Parliament: But neither themselves nor others have taken the Pains to preserve their Speeches; and the Authority they possess'd seems to have been owing to their Experience, Wisdom, or Power, more than to their Talents for Oratory. At present, there are above half a dozen Speakers in the two Houses, who, in the Judgment of the Public, have reach'd very near the same Pitch of Eloquence; and no Man pretends to give any one the Preference to the rest. This seems to me a certain Proof, that none of them have attain'd much beyond a Mediocrity in their Art, and that the Species of Eloquence they aspire to, gives no Exercise to the sublimer Faculties of the Mind, but may be reach'd by ordinary Talents and a slight Application. A hundred Cabinet-makers in

London

London can work a Table or a Chair equally well; but no one Poet can write Verses with such Spirit and Elegance as Mr. *Pope*.

WE are told, that when *Demosthenes* was to plead, all the ingenious Men flock'd to *Athens* from the most remote Parts of *Greece*, as to the most celebrated Spectacle of the World †. At *London*, you may see Men sauntering in the Court of Requests, while the most important Debate is carrying on in the two Houses; and many do not think themselves sufficiently compensated, for the losing of their Dinners, by all the Eloquence of our most celebrated Speakers. When old *Cibber* is to act, the Curiosity of the Public is more excited, than when our prime Minister is to defend himself from a Motion for his Removal or Impeachment.

EVEN a Person unacquainted with the noble Remains of antient Orators may judge,
from

† Ne illud quidem intelligunt, non modo ita memoriae proditum esse, sed ita necesse fuisse, cum *Demosthenes* dicturus esset, ut concursus, audiendi causa, ex tota *Græcia* fierent. At cum isti *Attici* dicunt, non modo a corona (quod est ipsum miserabile) sed etiam ab advocatis relinquuntur.

Cicero de Claris oratoribus.

from a few Strokes, that the Stile or Species of their Eloquence was infinitely more sublime than that which modern Orators aspire to. How absurd would it appear, in our temperate and calm Speakers, to make Use of an *Apostrophe*, like that noble one of *Demosthenes*, so much celebrated by *Quintilian* and *Longinus*, when, justifying the unsuccessful Battle of *Charonea*, he breaks out, *No, my Fellow-Citizens, No: You have not err'd. I swear by the Manes of those Heroes, who fought for the same Cause in the Plains of MARATHON and PLATEA. Who cou'd now endure such a bold and poetical Figure, as that which Cicero employs, after describing in the most tragical Terms the Crucifixion of a Roman Citizen. Should I paint the Horrors of this Scene, not to Roman Citizens, not to the Allies of our State, not to those who have ever heard of the Roman Name, not even to Men, but to Brute-Creatures; or, to go farther, should I lift up my Voice, in the most desolate Solitude, to the Rocks and Mountains, yet should I surely see those rude and inanimate Parts of Nature mov'd with Horror and Indignation at the Recital of so enormous an Action.*

Action †. With what a Blaze of Eloquence must such a Sentence be surrounded to give it Grace, or cause it to make any Impression on the Hearers! And what noble Art and sublime Talents are requisite to arrive, by just Degrees, at a Sentiment so bold and excessive: To inflame the Audience, so as to make them accompany the Speaker in such violent Passions, and such elevated Conceptions: And to conceal, under a Torrent of Eloquence, the Artifice, by which all this is effectuated!

SUITABLE to this Vehemence of Thought and Expression, was the Vehemence of Action, observed in the ancient Orators. The *supplodio pedis*, or stamping with the Foot, was one of the most usual and moderate Gestures

† *The Original is inimitable.* Quod si hæc non ad cives Romanos, non ad aliquos amicos nostræ civitatis, non ad eos qui populi Romani nomen audissent; denique, si non ad homines, verum ad bestias; aut etiam, ut longius progrediar, si in aliqua desertissima solitudine, ad saxa & ad scopulos hæc conqueri & deplorare vellem, tamen omnia muta atque inanima, tanta & tam indigna rerum atrocitate commoverentur.

Cic. in Ver.

tures they made use of†; tho' that is now esteem'd too violent, either for the Senate, Bar, or Pulpit, and is only admitted into the Theatre, to accompany the most violent Passions, that are there represented.

I am somewhat at a Loss to what Cause we may ascribe so sensible a Decline of Eloquence in latter Ages. The Genius of Mankind, at all Times, is, perhaps, equal: The Moderns have applied themselves, with great Industry and Success, to all the other Arts and Sciences: And one of the most learned Nations of the Universe possesses a popular Government; which seems requisite for the full Display of these noble Talents: But notwithstanding all these Advantages, our Progress in Eloquence is very inconsiderable, in Comparison of the Advances we have made in all the other Parts of Learning.

SHALL

† Ubi dolor? Ubi ardor animi, qui etiam ex infantium ingeniis elicere voces & querelas solet? nulla perturbatio animi, nulla corporis; frons non percussa, non femur; pedis (*quod minimum est*) nulla supplotio. Itaque tantum absuit ut inflammares nostros animos; somnum isto loco vix tenebamus.

Cicero de Claris oratoribus.

SHALL we assert, That the Strains of antient Eloquence are unsuitable to our Age, and not to be imitated by modern Orators? Whatever Reasons may be made Use of to prove this, I am perswaded, they will be found, upon Examination, to be unsound and unsatisfactory.

First, It may be said, That, in antient Times, during the flourishing Period of the *Greek* and *Roman* Learning, the municipal Laws, in every State, were but few and simple, and the Decision of Causes was, in a great Measure, left to the Equity and common Sense of the Judges. The Study of the Laws was not then a laborious Occupation, which requir'd the Drudgery of a whole Life to finish it, and was utterly incompatible with every other Study or Profession. The great Statesmen and Generals among the *Romans* were all Lawyers; and *Cicero*, to show the Facility of this Science, declares, That, in the midst of all his Occupations, he would undertake, in a few Days, to make himself a compleat Civilian. Now, where a Pleader addresses himself to the Equity of his Judges, he has much more Room to display his Eloquence, than where he must draw his Arguments from strict Laws,

Statutes and Precedents. In the former Case, many Circumstances must be taken in, many personal Considerations regarded; and even Favour and Inclination, which it belongs to the Orator, by his Art and Eloquence, to conciliate, may be disguis'd under the Appearance of Equity. But, how shall a modern Lawyer have Leisure to quit his laborious Occupations, in order to gather the Flowers of *Parnassus*? Or, what Opportunity shall he have of displaying them, amidst the rigid and subtile Arguments, Objections and Replies, which he is oblig'd to make Use of? The greatest Genius, and greatest Orator, who shou'd pretend to plead before the *Chancellor*, after a Month's Study of the Laws, wou'd only labour to make himself ridiculous.

I AM ready to own, that this Circumstance, of the Multiplicity and Intricacy of Laws, is a Discouragement to Eloquence in modern Times: But I assert, That it will not account intirely for the Decline of that noble Art. It may banish Oratory from *Westminster-hall*, but not from either of the Houses of Parliament. Among the *Athenians*, the *Areopagites* expressly forbid all Allurements of Eloquence; nor do

do we find, in the *Greek* Orations wrote in the *judiciary* Form, such a bold and rhetorical Stile as appears in the *Roman*. But to what a Pitch did the *Athenians* carry their Eloquence in the *deliberative* Kind, when Affairs of State were canvast, and the Liberty, Happiness, and Honour of the Nation were the Subjects of Debate? Disputes of this Nature elevate the Genius above all others, and give the fullest Scope to Eloquence; and such Disputes are very frequent in this Nation,

Secondly, It may be pretended, That the Decline of Eloquence is owing to the superior good Sense of the Moderns, who reject, with Disdain, all those rhetorical Tricks, which may be imploy'd to seduce the Judges, and will admit of nothing but solid Argument in any Debate or Deliberation. If a Man be accus'd of Murder, the Fact must be prov'd by Witnesses and Evidence; and the Laws will afterwards determine the Punishment of the Criminal. It would be ridiculous to describe, in strong Colours, the Horror and Cruelty of the Action: To introduce the Relations of the Dead; and, at a Signal, make them throw themselves at the Feet of the Judges, imploring

ring Justice with Tears and Lamentations: And still more ridiculous would it be, to employ a Painter to draw a Picture representing the bloody Feat, in order to move the Judges by the Display of so tragical a Spectacle: Tho' we know, that this poor Artifice was sometimes practis'd by the Pleaders of Old. Now, banish the Pathetic from public Discourses, and you reduce the Speakers merely to modern Eloquence; that is, to Good-Sense, deliver'd in proper Expressions.

PERHAPS it may be acknowledg'd, That our modern Customs, or our superior Good-Sense, if you will, should make our Orators more cautious and reserv'd than the antient, in attempting to inflame the Passions, or elevate the Imagination of their Audience: But, I see no Reason, why it should make them despair absolutely of succeeding in that Attempt. It should make them redouble their Art, not abandon it intirely. The antient Orators seem also to have been on their Guard against this Jealousy of their Audience; but they took a different Way of eluding it †. They hurry'd away with such a Torrent of Sublime and Pathetic,

† Longinus, Cap. 15.

thetic, that they left their Hearers no Leisure to perceive the Artifice, by which they were deceiv'd. Nay, to consider the Matter aright, they were not deceiv'd by any Artifice. The Orator, by the Force of his own Genius and Eloquence, first inflam'd himself with Anger, Indignation, Pity, Sorrow; and then communicated those impetuous Movements to his Audience.

DOES any Man pretend to have more Good-Sense than *Julius Caesar*? Yet that haughty Conqueror, we know, was so subdu'd by the Charms of *Cicero's* Eloquence, that he was, in a Manner, constrain'd to change his settled Purpose and Resolution, and to absolve a Criminal, whom, before that Orator appear'd, he was determin'd to condemn.

Thirdly, It may be pretended, That the Disorders of the antient Governments, and the enormous Crimes, of which the Citizens were often guilty, afforded much ampler Matter for Eloquence than can be met with among the Moderns. Were there no *Verres* or *Cataline*, there wou'd be no *Cicero*. But that this Reason can have no great Influence, is evident:

'Twou'd

'Twou'd be easy to find a *Philip* in modern Times; but where shall we find a *Demosthenes*?

WHAT remains, then, but that we lay the Blame on the Want of Genius, or of Judgment in our Speakers, who either found themselves incapable of reaching the Heights of ancient Eloquence, or rejected all such Endeavours, as unsuitable to the Spirit of modern Assemblies? A few successful Attempts of this Nature might rouse up the Genius of the Nation, excite the Emulation of the Youth, and accustom our Ears to a more sublime and more pathetic Elocution, than what we have been hitherto entertain'd with. There is certainly something accidental in the first Rise and the Progress of the Arts in any Nation. I doubt if a very satisfactory Reason can be given, why ancient *Rome*, while it receiv'd all its Arts from *Greece*, cou'd attain only to a Taste or Relish of Statuary, Painting and Architecture, without reaching the Practice of these noble Arts: While modern *Rome* has been excited, by a few Remains found among the Ruins of Antiquity, and has carried these Arts to the greatest Perfection. Had such a cultivated Genius as my
Lord

Lord *Bolingbroke* arisen during the Civil Wars, when Liberty began to be fully establish'd, and popular Assemblies to enter into all the most material Points of Government, I am perswaded so illustrious an Example wou'd have given a quite different Turn to *British* Eloquence, and made us reach the Perfection of the antient Model. Our Orators would then have done Honour to their Country, as well as our Poets and Philosophers, and *British Ciceros* have appear'd, as well as *British Platos* and *Virgils*.

I HAVE confest that there is something accidental in the Origin and Progress of the Arts in any Nation; and yet I cannot forbear thinking, that if the other learned and polite Nations of *Europe* had possess'd the same Advantages of a popular Government, they wou'd probably have carried Eloquence to a greater Height than it has yet reach'd in *Britain*. The *French* Sermons, especially those of *Flecher* and *Bourdaloüe*, are much superior to the *English* in this Particular; and in *Flecher* there are many Strokes of the most sublime Poetry. His Funeral Sermon on the *Marechal de Turenne* is a good Instance. None but private Causes

Causes, in that Country, are ever debated before their Parliament or Courts of Judicature; but notwithstanding this Disadvantage, there appears a Spirit of Eloquence in many of their Lawyers, which, with proper Cultivation and Encouragement, might rise to the greatest Heights. The Pleadings of *Patru* are very elegant, and give us Room to imagine what so fine a Genius cou'd have perform'd in Questions concerning public Liberty or Slavery, Peace or War, who exerts himself with such Success, in Debates concerning the Price of an old Horse, or a gossiping Story of a Quarrel betwixt an Abbess and her Nuns. For, 'tis remarkable, that this polite Writer, though esteem'd by all the Men of Wit in his Time, was never employ'd in the most considerable Causes of their Courts of Judicature, but liv'd and dy'd in Poverty: From an antient Prejudice industriously propagated by the Dunces in all Countries, *That a Man of Genius is unfit for Business*. The Disorders, produc'd by the Ministry of *Cardinal Mazarine*, made the Parliament of *Paris* enter into the Discussion of public Affairs; and during that short Interval, there appear'd many Symptoms of the Revival of antient Eloquence. The *Avocat-General*

Avocat-General, Talon, in an Oration, invoc'd on his Knees the Spirit of *St. Louis* to look down with Compassion on his divided and unhappy People, and to inspire them, from above, with the Love of Concord and Unanimity †. The Members of the *French Academy* have attempted to give us Models of Eloquence in their Harangues at their Admittance: But, having no Subject to discourse upon, they have run altogether into a fulsome Strain of Panegyric and Flattery, the most barren of all Subjects. Their Style, however, is commonly, on these Occasions, very elevate and sublime, and might reach the greatest Heights, were it employ'd on a Subject more favourable and engaging.

THERE are some Circumstances in the *English* Temper and Genius, which are disadvantageous to the Progress of Eloquence, and render all Attempts of that Kind more dangerous and difficult among them than among any other Nation in the Universe. The *English* are conspicuous for *Good-sense*, which makes them very jealous of any Attempts to deceive them by the Flowers of Rhetoric and

† *De Retz's Memoirs.*

Elocution. They are also peculiarly *modest*; which makes them consider it as a Piece of Arrogance to offer any Thing but Reason to public Assemblies, or attempt to guide them by Passion or Fancy. I may, perhaps, be allow'd to add, that the People in general are not remarkable for Delicacy of Taste, or for Sensibility to the Charms of the Muses. Their *musical Parts*, to use the Expression of a noble Author, are but indifferent. Hence their Comic Poets, to move them, must have Recourse to Obscenity; their Tragic Poets to Blood and Slaughter: And hence their Orators, being depriv'd of any such Resource, have abandon'd altogether the Hopes of moving them, and have confin'd themselves to plain Argument and Reasoning.

THESE Circumstances, join'd to particular Accidents, may, perhaps, have retarded the Growth of Eloquence in this Kingdom; but will not be able to prevent its Success, if ever it appear amongst us: And one may safely pronounce, that this is a Field in which the most flourishing Lawrels may yet be gather'd, if any Youth of accomplish'd Genius, thoroughly acquainted with all the polite Arts,
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and not ignorant of public Business, shou'd appear in Parliament, and accustom our Ears to an Eloquence more commanding and pathetic. And to confirm me in this Opinion, there occur two Considerations, the one deriv'd from ancient, the other from modern Times.

'Tis seldom or never found, when a false Taste in Poetry or Eloquence prevails among any People, that it has been prefer'd to a true, upon Comparison and Reflection. It commonly prevails merely from Ignorance of the true, and from the want of perfect Models, to lead Men into a juster Apprehension, and more refin'd Relish of those Productions of Genius. When *these* appear, they soon unite all Suffrages in their Favour, and, by their natural and powerful Charms, gain over, even the most prejudic'd, to the Love and Admiration of them. The Principles of every Passion, and of every Sentiment, is in every Man; and when you touch them properly, they rise to Life, and warm the Heart, and convey that Satisfaction by which a Work of Genius is distinguish'd from the adulterate Beauties of a capricious Wit and Fancy. And if this Observation be
true,

true, with Regard to all the liberal Arts, it must be peculiarly so, with Regard to Eloquence; which, being merely calculated for the Public, and for Men of the World, cannot, with any Pretext of Reason, appeal from the People to more refin'd Judges; but must submit to the public Verdict, without Reserve or Limitation. Whoever, upon Comparison, is deem'd by the People the greatest Orator, ought most certainly to be pronounc'd such, by Men of Science and Erudition. And tho' an indifferent Orator may triumph for a long Time, and be esteem'd altogether perfect by the Vulgar, who are satisfy'd with his Accomplishments, and know not in what he is defective: Yet, whenever the true Genius appears, *he* draws to him the Attention of every one, and immediately appears superior to his Rival.

Now, to judge, by this Rule, antient Eloquence, that is, the sublime and passionate, is of a much juster Taste than the modern, or the argumentative and rational; and, if properly executed, will always have more Command and Authority over Mankind. We are satisfy'd with our Mediocrity, because we have had no Experience of any Thing better: But
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the Antients had Experience of both, and, upon Comparison, gave the Preference to that Kind, of which they have left us such applauded Models. For, if I be not mistaken, our modern Eloquence is of the same Stile or Species with that which antient Critics denominated *Attic* Eloquence, that is, calm, elegant, and subtile, which instructed the Reason more than affected the Passions, and never rais'd its Tone above Argument or common Discourse. Such was the Eloquence of *Lyfias* among the *Athenians*, and of *Calvus* among the *Romans*. These were esteem'd in their Time; but when compar'd with *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, were ecclips'd like a Taper when set in the Rays of a meridian Sun. Those latter Orators possess'd the same Elegance, and Subtility, and Force of Argument, with the former; but what render'd them chiefly admirable, was that Pathetic and Sublime, which, on proper Occasions, they threw into their Discourse, and by which they commanded the Resolutions of their Audience.

OF this Species of Eloquence we have scarce had any Instances in *Britain*, at least in our public Speakers. In our Writers, we have had
some

some Instances, which have met with great Applause, and might assure our ambitious Youth of equal or superior Glory in Attempts for the Revival of antient Eloquence. My Lord *Bolingbroke's* Productions contain a Force and Energy and Sublime, which our Orators scarce ever aim at; tho' 'tis evident, that such an elevated Stile has much better Grace in a Speaker than in a Writer, and is assur'd of a more prompt and more astonishing Success. 'Tis there seconded by the Graces of Voice and Action: The Movements are mutually communicated by Sympathy, betwixt the Orator and the Audience: And the very Aspect of a large Assembly, attentive to the Discourse of one Man, must inspire him with a peculiar Elevation, sufficient to give a Propriety to the strongest Figures and Expressions. 'Tis true, there is a great Prejudice against *Set-Speeches*; and a Man can scarce escape Ridicule, who repeats a Discourse, as a School-boy does his Lesson, and takes no Notice of any Thing that has been advanc'd in the Course of the Debate. But where is the Necessity of falling into this Absurdity? A public Speaker must know before-hand the Question under Debate. He may compose all the Arguments, Objections

ons, and Answers, such as he thinks will be most proper for his Discourse. If any Thing new occur, he may supply it from his Invention; nor will the Difference be very apparent betwixt his elaborate and his extemporary Compositions. The Mind naturally continues with the same *Impetus* or *Force*, which it has acquir'd by its Motion; as a Vessel, once impell'd by the Oars, carries on its Course, for some Time, even when the original Impulse is suspended.

I SHALL conclude this Subject with observing, That even tho' our modern Orators shou'd not elevate their Style, or aspire to a Rivalship with the Antients; yet there is a material Defect in most of their Speeches, which they might correct, without departing from that compos'd Air of Argument and Reasoning, to which they limit their Ambition. Their great Affectation of extemporary Discourses has made them reject all Order and Method, which seems so requisite to Argument, and without which 'tis scarce possible to produce an intire Conviction in the Mind. 'Tis not, that I wou'd recommend many formal Divisions in a public Discourse, unless the Subject very evidently offer

offer them: But 'tis easy, without this Formality, to observe a Method, and make that Method conspicuous to the Hearer, who will be infinitely pleas'd to see the Arguments rise naturally from one another, and will retain a more thorough Perswasion, than can arise from the strongest Reasons, which are thrown together in Confusion.

ESSAY III.

Of MORAL PREJUDICES.

THERE is a Set of Men lately sprung up amongst us, who endeavour to distinguish themselves by ridiculing every Thing, that has hitherto appear'd sacred and venerable in the Eyes of Mankind. Reason, Sobriety, Honour, Friendship, Marriage, are the perpetual Subjects of their insipid Railery: And even public Spirit, and a Regard to our Country, are treated as chimerical and romantic. Were the Schemes of these Anti-reformers to take Place, all the Bonds of Society must be broke, to make Way for the Indulgence of a licentious Mirth and Gaiety: The Companion of our drunken Frolics must be prefer'd to a Friend or Brother: Dissolute Prodigality must be supply'd at the Expence of every Thing valuable, either in public or private: And Men shall have so little Regard to any Thing beyond themselves, that, at last, a free Constitution of Government must become

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a Scheme

a Scheme perfectly impracticable among Mankind, and must degenerate into one universal System of Fraud and Corruption.

T H E R E is another Humour, which may be observ'd in some Pretenders to Wisdom, and which, if not so pernicious as the idle petulant Humour above-mention'd, must, however, have a very bad Effect on those, who indulge it. I mean that grave philosophic Endeavour after Perfection, which, under Pretext of reforming Prejudices and Errors, strikes at all the most endearing Sentiments of the Heart, and all the most useful Byasses and Instincts, which can govern a human Creature. The *Stoics* were remarkable for this Folly among the Antients; and I wish some of more venerable Characters in latter Times had not copy'd them too faithfully in this Particular. The virtuous and tender Sentiments, or Prejudices, if you will, have suffer'd mightily by these Reflections; while a certain sullen Pride or Contempt of Mankind has prevail'd in their Stead, and has been esteem'd the greatest Wisdom; tho', in Reality, it be the most egregious Folly of all others. *Statilius* being solicited by *Brutus* to make one of that noble Band,
who

who struck the GOD-like Stroke for the Liberty of Rome, refus'd to accompany them, saying, *That all Men were Fools or Mad, and did not deserve that a wise Man should trouble his Head about them.*

My learned Reader will here easily recollect the Reason, which an antient Philosopher gave, why he wou'd not be reconcil'd to his Brother, who sollicitated his Friendship. He was too much a Philosopher to think, that the Connexion of having sprung from the same Parent, ought to have any Influence on a reasonable Mind, and exprest his Sentiment after such a Manner as I think not proper to repeat. When your Friend is in Affliction, says *Epictetus*, you may counterfeit a Sympathy with him, if it give him Relief; but take Care not to allow any Compassion to sink into your Heart, or disturb that Tranquillity, which is the Perfection of Wisdom. *Diogenes* being askt by his Friends in his Sickness, What should be done with him after his Death? *Why*, says he, *throw me out into the Fields.* "What! reply'd they, to the Birds or Beasts." No: *Place a Cudgel by me, to defend myself withal.* "To what Purpose, say they, you will not have
" any

“ any Sense, nor any Power of making Use
“ of it.” *Then if the Beasts shou’d devour me,*
cries he, *shall I be any more sensible of it?*
I know none of the Sayings of that Philoso-
pher, which shews more evidently both the
Livcliness and Ferocity of his Temper.

How different from these are the Maxims
by which *Eugenius* conducts himself! In his
Youth he apply’d himself, with the most un-
wearied Labour, to the Study of Philosophy;
and nothing was ever able to draw him from
it, except when an Opportunity offer’d of ser-
ving his Friends, or doing a Pleasure to some
Man of Merit. When he was about thirty
Years of Age, he was determin’d to quit the
free Life of a Batchelor (in which otherwise
he wou’d have been inclin’d to remain) by
considering, that he was the last Branch of an
antient Family, which must have been extin-
guish’d had he died without Children. He
made Choice of the virtuous and beautiful *E-*
mira for his Consort, who, after being the
Solace of his Life for many Years, and ha-
ving made him the Father of several Children,
paid at last the general Debt to Nature. No-
thing cou’d have supported him under so se-
vere

vere an Affliction, but the Consolation he receiv'd from his young Family, who were now become dearer to him on account of their deceased Mother. One Daughter in particular is his Darling, and the secret Joy of his Soul; because her Features, her Air, her Voice recal every Moment the tender Memory of his Spouse, and fill his Eyes with Tears. He conceals this Partiality as much as possible; and none but his intimate Friends are acquainted with it. To them he reveals all his Tenderness; nor is he so affectedly Philosophical, as even to call it by the Name of *Weakness*. They know, that he still keeps the Birth-day of *Emira* with Tears, and a more fond and tender Recollection of past Pleasures; in like Manner as it was celebrated in her Lifetime with Joy and Festivity. They know, that he preserves her Picture with the utmost Care, and has one Picture in Minature, which he always wears next to his Bosom: That he has left Orders in his last Will, that, in whatever Part of the World he shall happen to die, his Body shall be transported, and laid in the same Grave with her's: And that a Monument shall be erected over them, and their mutual Love and

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Happiness celebrated in an Epitaph, which he himself has compos'd for that Purpose.

A FEW Years ago I receiv'd a Letter from a Friend, who was abroad on his Travels, and shall here communicate it to the Public. It contains such an Instance of a Philosophic Spirit, as I think pretty extraordinary, and may serve as an Example, not to depart too far from the receiv'd Maxims of Conduct and Behaviour, by a refin'd Search after Happiness or Perfection. The Story I have been since assur'd of as Matter of Fact.

SIR,

Paris Aug. 2. 1737.

I KNOW you are more curious of Accounts of Men than of Buildings, and are more desirous of being inform'd of private History than of public Transactions; for which Reason, I thought the following Story, which is the common Topic of Conversation in this City, wou'd be no unacceptable Entertainment to you.

A YOUNG Lady of Birth and Fortune, being left intirely at her own Disposal, persisted long in a Resolution of leading a single Life, notwithstanding

withstanding several advantageous Offers that had been made to her. She had been determin'd to embrace this Resolution, by observing the many unhappy Marriages among her Acquaintance, and by hearing the Complaints, which her Female Friends made of the Tyranny, Inconstancy, Jealousy or Indifference of their Husbands. Being a Woman of strong Spirit and an uncommon Way of thinking, she found no Difficulty either in forming or maintaining this Resolution, and cou'd not suspect herself of such Weakness, as ever to be induc'd, by any Temptation, to depart from it. She had, however, entertain'd a strong Desire of having a Son, whose Education she was resolv'd to make the principal Concern of her Life, and by that Means supply the Place of those other Passions, which she was resolv'd for ever to renounce. She push'd her Philosophy to such an uncommon Length, as to find no Contradiction betwixt such a Desire and her former Resolution; and accordingly look'd about, with great Deliberation, to find, among all her Male-Acquaintance, one whose Character and Person were agreeable to her, without being able to satisfy herself on that Head. At Length, being in
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the Play-house one Evening, she sees in the *Parterre*, a young Man of a most engaging Countenance and modest Deportment; and feels such a Pre-possession in his Favour, that she had Hopes this must be the Person she had long sought for in vain. She immediately dispatches a Servant to him; desiring his Company, at her Lodgings, next Morning. The young Man was over-joy'd at the Message, and cou'd not command his Satisfaction, upon receiving such an Advance from a Lady of so great Beauty, Reputation and Quality. He was, therefore, much disappointed, when he found a Woman, who wou'd allow him no Freedoms; and amidst all her obliging Behaviour, confin'd and over-aw'd him to the Bounds of rational Discourse and Conversation. She seem'd, however, willing to commence a Friendship with him; and told him, that his Company wou'd always be acceptable to her, whenever he had a leisure Hour to bestow. He needed not much Entreaty to renew his Visits, being so struck with her Wit and Beauty, that he must have been unhappy, had he been debarr'd her Company. Every Conversation serv'd only the more to inflame his Passion, and gave him more Occasion to
admire

admire her Person and Understanding, as well as to rejoice in his own Good-fortune. He was not, however, without Anxiety, when he consider'd the Disproportion of their Birth and Fortune; nor was his Uneasiness allay'd even when he reflected on the extraordinary Manner in which their Acquaintance had commenc'd. Our Philosophical Heroine, in the mean Time, discover'd, that her Lover's personal Qualities did not belye his Physiognomy; so that, judging there was no Occasion for any farther Trial, she takes a proper Opportunity of communicating to him her whole Intention. Their Intercourse continu'd for some-time, till at last her Wishes were crown'd, and she was now Mother of a Boy, who was to be the Object of her future Care and Concern. Gladly wou'd she have continu'd her Friendship with the Father; but finding him too passionate a Lover to remain within the Bounds of Friendship, she was oblig'd to put a Violence upon herself. She sends him a Letter, in which she had inclos'd a Bond of Annuity for a Thousand Crowns; desiring him, at the same Time, never to see her more, and to forget, if possible, all past Favours and Familiarities. He was Thunder-struck at receiving this Message;

and, having tried, in vain, all the Arts that might win upon the Resolution of a Woman, resolv'd at last to attack her by her *Foible*. He commences a Law-suit against her before the Parliament of *Paris*; and claims his Son, whom he pretends a Right to educate as he pleas'd, according to the usual Maxims of the Law in such Cases. She pleads, on the other Hand, their express Agreement before their Commerce, and pretends, that he had renounc'd all Claim to any Offspring that might arise from their Embraces. It is not yet known, how the Parliament will determine in this extraordinary Case, which puzzles all the Lawyers, as much as it does the Philosophers. As soon as they come to any Issue, I shall inform you of it, and shall embrace any Opportunity of subscribing myself, as I do at present.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

E S S A Y

ESSAY IV.

Of the MIDDLE STATION of LIFE.

THE Moral of the following Fable will easily discover itself, without my explaining it. One Rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest Amity, with noisy Haughtiness and Disdain thus bespoke him, “What, Brother! Still in the same State! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed, when you behold me, who, tho’ lately in a like Condition with you, am now become a great River, and shall shortly be able to rival the *Danube* or the *Rhine*, provided those friendly Rains continue, which have favour’d my Banks, but neglected yours.” Very true, replies the humble Rivulet; “You are now, indeed, swoln to great Size: But methinks you are become, withal, somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low Condition and my Purity.”

INSTEAD

I N S T E A D of commenting upon this Fable, I shall take Occasion, from it, to compare the different Stations of Life, and to perswade such of my Readers as are plac'd in the Middle Station to be satisfy'd with it, as the most eligible of all others. These form the most numerous Rank of Men, that can be suppos'd susceptible of Philosophy; and therefore, all Discourses of Morality ought principally to be address'd to them. The Great are too much immers'd in Pleasure; and the Poor too much occupy'd in providing for the Necessities of Life, to hearken to the calm Voice of Reason. The Middle Station, as it is most happy in many Respects, so particularly in this, that a Man, plac'd in it, can, with the greatest Leisure, consider his own Happiness, and reap a new Enjoyment, from comparing his Situation with that of Persons above or below him.

A G U R's Prayer is sufficiently noted. Two Things have I requir'd of thee, deny me them not before I die, Remove far from me Vanity and Lies; Give me neither Poverty nor Riches, feed me with Food convenient for me: Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the Name of
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my GOD in vain. The middle Station is here justly recommended, as affording the fullest Security for Virtue; and I may also add, that it gives Opportunity for the most ample Exercise of it, and furnishes Employment for every good Quality, which we can possibly be possess'd of. Those, who are plac'd among the lower Rank of Men, have little Opportunity of exerting any other Virtue, besides those of Patience, Resignation, Industry and Integrity. Those, who are advanc'd into the higher Stations, have full Employment for their Generosity, Humanity, Affability and Charity. When a Man lyes betwixt these two Extremes, he can exert the former Virtues towards his Superiors, and the latter towards his Inferiars. Every moral Quality, which the human Soul is susceptible of, may have its Turn, and be call'd up to Action: And a Man may, after this Manner, be much more certain of his Progress in Virtue, than where his good Qualities lye dormant, and without Employment.

BUT there is another Virtue, that seems principally to ly among Equals, and is, for that Reason, chiefly calculated for the middle Station of Life. This Virtue is FRIENDSHIP,
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I believe most Men of generous Tempers are apt to envy the Great, when they consider the large Opportunities such Persons have of doing Good to their Fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the Friendship and Esteem of Men of Merit. They make no Advances in vain, and are not oblig'd to associate with those whom they have little Kindness for; like People of inferior Stations, who are subject to have their Proffers of Friendship rejected, even where they wou'd be most fond of placing their Affections. But tho' the Great have more Facility in acquiring Friendships, they cannot be so certain of the Sincerity of them, as Men of a lower Rank; since the Favours, they bestow, may acquire them Flattery, instead of Goodwill and Kindness. It has been very judiciously remark'd, that we attach ourselves more by the Services we perform than by those we receive, and that a Man is in Danger of losing his Friends by obliging them too far. I shou'd, therefore, chuse to ly in the middle Way, and to have my Commerce with my Friend varied both by Obligations given and receiv'd. I have too much Pride to be willing that all the Obligations should ly on my Side; and shou'd be afraid, that, if they all lay on his, he wou'd
also

also have too much Pride to be entirely easy under them, or have a perfect Complacency in my Company.

WE may also remark of the middle Station of Life, that it is more favourable to the acquiring of *Wisdom* and *Ability*, as well as of *Virtue*, and that a Man so situate has a better Chance for attaining a Knowledge both of Men and Things, than those of a more elevated Station. He enters, with more Familiarity, into human Life: Every Thing appears in its natural Colours before him: He has more Leisure to form Observations; and has, beside, the Motive of Ambition to push him on in his Attainments; being certain, that he can never rise to any Distinction or Eminence in the World, without his own Industry. And here I cannot forbear communicating a Remark, which may appear somewhat extraordinary, *viz.* That 'tis wisely ordain'd by Providence, that the middle Station shou'd be the most favourable to the improving our natural Abilities, since there is really more Capacity requisite to perform the Duties of that Station, than is requisite to act in the higher Spheres of Life. There are more natural Parts, and a stronger Genius requisite
to

to make a good Lawyer or Physician, than to make a great Monarch. For let us take any Race or Succession of Kings, where Birth alone gives a Title to the Crown: The *English* Kings, for Instance; who have not been esteemed the most shining in History. From the Conquest to the Succession of his present Majesty, we may reckon twenty eight Sovereigns, omitting those who died Minors. Of these, eight are esteem'd Princes of great Capacity, viz. the Conqueror, Harry II. Edward I. Edward III. Harry V. and VII. *Elisabeth*, and the late King *William*. Now, I believe every one will allow, that, in the common Run of Mankind, there are not eight out of twenty eight, who are fitted, by Nature, to make a Figure either on the Bench or at the Bar. Since *Charles VII.* ten Monarchs have reign'd in *France*, omitting *Francis II.* Five of these have been esteem'd Princes of Capacity, viz. *Loüis XI. XII. and XIV. Francis I. and Harry IV.* In short, the governing of Mankind well, requires a great deal of Virtue, Justice, and Humanity, but not a surprising Capacity. A certain Pope, whose Name I have forgot, us'd to say, *Let us divert ourselves, my Friends, the World governs itself.* There are, indeed, some
critical

critical Times, such as those in which *Har-ry IV.* liv'd, that call for the utmost Vigour; and a less Courage and Capacity, than what appear'd in that great Monarch, must have sunk under the Weight. But such Circumstances are rare; and even then, Fortune does, at least, one Half of the Business.

SINCE the common Professions, such as Law or Physic, require equal, if not superior Capacity, to what are exerted in the higher Spheres of Life, 'tis evident, that the Soul must be made of still a finer Mold, to shine in Philosophy or Poetry, or in any of the higher Parts of Learning. Courage and Resolution are chiefly requisite in a Commander: Justice and Humanity in a Statesman: But Genius and Capacity in a Scholar. Great Generals, and great Politicians, are found in all Ages and Countries of the World, and frequently start out, at once, even amongst the greatest Barbarians. *Sweden* was sunk in Ignorance, when it produc'd *Gustavus Ericson*, and *Gustavus Adolphus*: *Muscovy*, when the *Czar* appear'd: And, perhaps, *Carthage*, when it gave Birth to *Hannibal*. But *England* must pass thro' a long Gradation of its *Spencers*,

Johnsons, Wallers, Drydens, before it arrive at an *Addison* or a *Pope*. A happy Talent for the liberal Arts and Sciences, is a Kind of Prodigy among Men. Nature must afford the richest Genius that comes from her Hands; Education and Example must cultivate it from the earliest Infancy; And Industry must concur to carry it to any Degree of Perfection. No Man needs be surpris'd to see *Kouli-Kan* among the *Persians*: But *Homer*, in so early an Age, among the *Greeks*, is certainly Matter of the highest Wonder.

A MAN cannot show a Genius for War, who is not so fortunate as to be trusted with Command; and it seldom happens, in any State or Kingdom, that several, at once, are plac'd in that Situation. How many *Marlboroughs* were there in the confederate Army, who never rose so much as to the Command of a Regiment? But I am perswaded, there has been but one *Milton* in *England* within these hundred Years; because every one may exert the Talents for Poetry who is possess'd of them; and no one cou'd exert them under greater Disadvantages than that divine Poet. If no Man were allow'd to write Verses, but
who

The MIDDLE STATION of LIFE. 51

who was, before-hand, nam'd to be *laureat*,
cou'd we expect a Poet in ten thousand Years?

WERE we to distinguish the Ranks of Men
by their Genius and Capacity more, than by
their Virtue and Usefulness to the Public, great
Philosophers wou'd certainly challenge the
first Rank, and must be plac'd at the Top of
human Kind. So rare is this Character, that,
perhaps, there has not, as yet, been above
two in the World, who can lay a just Claim
to it. At least, *Galileo* and *Newton* seem to
me so far to excel all the rest, that I cannot
admit any other into the same Class with
them.

GREAT Poets may challenge the second
Place; and this Species of Genius, tho' rare, is
yet much more frequent than the former. Of
the *Greek* Poets that remain, *Homer* alone seems
to merit this Character: Of the *Romans*, *Vir-
gil*, *Horace* and *Lucretius*: Of the *English*, *Mil-
ton* and *Pope*: *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Boileau* and
Voltaire of the *French*: And *Tasso* and *Ariosto*
of the *Italians*.

GREAT

GREAT Orators and Historians are, perhaps, more rare than great Poets: But as the Opportunities for exerting the Talents requisite for Eloquence, or acquiring the Knowledge requisite for writing History, depend, in some Measure, upon Fortune, we cannot pronounce these Productions of Genius to be more extraordinary than the former.

I SHOULD now return from this Digression, and show, that the middle Station of Life is more favourable to *Happiness*, as well as to *Virtue* and *Wisdom*: But as the Arguments, that prove this, seem pretty obvious, I shall here forbear insisting on them.

ESSAY V.

Of the RISE and PROGRESS of the ARTS and SCIENCES.

THERE is not a Matter of greater Nicety, in our Enquiries concerning human Affairs, than to distinguish exactly what is owing to *Chance*, and what proceeds from *Causes*; nor is there any Thing, in which an Author is more apt to deceive himself, by false Subtilties and Refinements. To say, that any Event is deriv'd from Chance, cuts short all farther Enquiry concerning it, and leaves the Writer in the same State of Ignorance with all the rest of Mankind. But when the Event is supposed to proceed from certain and stable Causes, he may then display his Ingenuity, in assigning these Causes; and as a Man of any Subtility can never be at a Loss in this Particular, he has thereby an Opportunity of swelling his Volumes, and discovering his profound Knowledge, in observing what escapes the Vulgar and Ignorant.

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THE distinguishing betwixt Chance and Causes must depend upon every particular Man's Sagacity, in considering every particular Incident. But, if I were to assign any general Rule to help us in applying this Distinction, it wou'd be the following, *What depends upon a few Persons is, in a great Measure, to be ascrib'd to Chance, or secret and unknown Causes: What arises from a great Number, may often be accounted for by determinate and known Causes.*

THERE may two very natural Reasons be assign'd for this Rule. *First*, If you suppose a Dye to have any Byass, however small, to a particular Side, this Byass, tho', perhaps, it may not appear in a few Throws, will certainly prevail in a great Number, and will cast the Balance intirely to that Side. In like Manner, when any *Causes* beget a particular Inclination or Passion, at a certain Time, and among a certain People; tho' many Individuals may escape the Contagion, and be rul'd by Passions peculiar to themselves; yet the Multitude will certainly be infected with the common Passion, and be govern'd by it in all their Actions.

Secondly,

Secondly, THOSE Principles or Causes, which are fitted to operate on a Multitude, are always of a grosser and more stubborn Nature, less subject to Accidents, and less influenc'd by Whim and private Fancy, than those which operate on a few only. The latter are commonly so delicate and refin'd, that the smallest Incident in the Health, Education, or Fortune of particular Persons, is sufficient to divert their Course, and retard their Operation; nor is it possible to reduce them to any general Maxims or Observations. Their Influence at one Time, will never assure us concerning their Influence at another; even tho' all the general Circumstances shou'd be the same in both Cases.

To judge by this Rule, the domestic and the gradual Revolutions of a State, must be a more proper Subject of Reasoning and Observation, than the foreign and the momentary, which are commonly produc'd by single Persons, and are more influenc'd by Whim, Folly, or Caprice, than by general Passions and Interests. The Depression of the Lords, and Rise of the Commons in *England*, after the Statute of Alienations, and the Increase of
Trade

Trade and Industry, are more easily accounted for by general Principles, than the Depression of the *Spanish*, and Rise of the *French* Monarchy, after the Death of *Charles Quint*. Had *Harry IV.* Cardinal *Richelieu*, and *Loüis XIV.* been *Spaniards*; and *Philip II.* III. and IV. and *Charles II.* been *Frenchmen*, the History of these two Nations had been intirely revers'd.

FOR the same Reason, 'tis more easy to account for the Rise and Progress of Commerce in any Kingdom, than for that of Learning; and a State, that shou'd apply itself to the Encouragement of the one, wou'd be much more assur'd of Success, than one which shou'd cultivate the other. Avarice, or the Desire of Gain, is an universal Passion, that operates at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Persons: But Curiosity, or the Love of Knowledge, has but a very limited Influence, and requires Youth, Leisure, Education, Genius, and Example, to make it govern any Person. You will never want Booksellers, while there are Buyers of Books: But there may frequently be Readers, where there are no Authors. Multitudes of People, Necessity and Liberty, have
begot

begot Commerce in *Holland*: But Study and Application have not produc'd any eminent Writers.

WE may, therefore, conclude, that there is no Subject, wherein we must proceed with more Caution, than in tracing the History of the Arts and Sciences; lest we assign Causes that never existed, and reduce what is merely contingent to stable and universal Principles. Those, who cultivate the Sciences in any State, are always few in Number: The Passion, that governs them, limited: Their Taste and Judgment tender and easily perverted: And their Application disturb'd with the smallest Accident. Chance, therefore, or secret and unknown Causes, must have a great Influence on the Rise and Progress of all the refin'd Arts.

BUT there is a Reason, which induces me not to ascribe the Matter altogether to Chance. Tho' the Persons, that cultivate the Sciences with such astonishing Success, as to attract the Admiration of Posterity, be always few, in all Nations, and all Ages; 'tis impossible but a Share of the same Spirit and Genius must be antecedently diffus'd thro' the People among

whom they arise, in order to produce, form, and cultivate, from their earliest Infancy, the Taste and Judgment of those eminent Writers. The Mass cannot be altogether insipid, from which such refin'd Spirits are extracted †. *There is a GOD within us, says Ovid, who breathes that Divine Fire, by which we are animated.* Poets, in all Ages, have advanc'd this Claim to Inspiration. There is not, however, any Thing supernatural in the Case. Their Fire is not kindled from Heaven. It only runs along the Earth; is caught from one Breast to another; and burns brightest, where the Materials are best prepar'd, and most happily dispos'd. The Question, therefore, concerning the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences, is not altogether a Question concerning the Taste, Genius, and Spirit of a few, but concerning those of a whole People; and may, therefore, be accounted for, in some Measure, by general Causes and Principles. I grant, that a Man, who shou'd enquire, why such a particular Poet, as *Homer* for Instance, existed in such a Place, at such a Time, wou'd throw himself

† Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo:
Imperus hic, sacrae femina mentis habet.

Ovid. Fast. Lib. I.

himself Head-long into Chimæra, and cou'd never treat of such a Subject, without a Multitude of false Subtilties and Refinements. He might as well pretend to give a Reason, why such particular Generals, as *Fabius* and *Scipio*, liv'd in *Rome* at such a Time, and why *Fabius* came into the World before *Scipio*. For such Incidents as those, no other Reason can be given but that of *Horace*.

*Scit genius, natale comes, qui temperat astrum
Natura Deus humana, mortalis in unum---
--Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.*

BUT, I am perswaded, that in many Cases very good Reasons might be given, why such a particular Nation is more polite and learned, at a particular Time, than any of its Neighbours. At least, this is so curious a Subject, that 'tis a Pity to abandon it intirely, before we have found, whether or not it be susceptible of Reasoning, and can be reduc'd to any general Principles. I shall, therefore, proceed to deliver a few Observations on this Subject, which I submit, with entire Deference, to the Censure and Examination of the Learned.

My first Observation is, *That it is impossible for the Arts and Sciences to arise, at first, among any People, unless that People enjoy the Blessing of a free Government.*

IN the first Ages of the World, when Men are, as yet, barbarous and ignorant, they seek for no farther Security against mutual Violence and Injustice, than the Choice of some Rulers, few or many, in whom they place an implicate Confidence, without providing any Security, by Laws or political Institutions, against the Violence and Injustice of these Rulers. If the Authority be center'd in a single Person, and if the People, by Conquest or Generation, increase to a great Multitude, the Monarch, finding it impossible, in his own Person, to execute every Office of Sovereignty, in every Place, must delegate his Authority to inferior Magistrates, who preserve Peace and Order in their particular Districts. As Experience and Education have not yet refin'd the Wits of Men to any considerable Degree, the Prince, who is himself unrestrain'd, never dreams of restraining his Ministers, but delegates his full Authority to every one, whom he sets over any Portion of the People. All general Laws
are

are attended with Inconveniencies, when apply'd to particular Cafes; and it requires great Penetration and Experience, both to perceive that these Inconveniencies are fewer than what result from full discretionary Powers in every Magistrate; and also, to discern what general Laws are, upon the Whole, attended with fewest Inconveniencies. This is a Matter of so great Difficulty, that Men may have made some Advances, even in the sublime Arts of Poetry and Eloquence, where a Rapidity of Genius and Imagination assists their Progress, before they have arriv'd at any great Refinements in their Municipal Laws, where frequent Trials, and diligent Observation can alone direct their Improvements. It is not, therefore, to be suppos'd, that a barbarous Monarch, unrestrain'd and uninstructed, will ever become a Legislator, or think of restraining his *Bashas* in every Province, or even his *Cadis* in every Village. We are told, that the late *Czar*, tho' actuated with a noble Genius, and smit with the Love and Admiration of *European* Arts; yet profess an Esteem for the *Turkish* Policy in this Particular, and approv'd of the summary Decisions of Causes, which are practis'd in that barbarous Monarchy,

chy, where the Judges are not restrain'd by any Methods, Forms, or Laws. He did not perceive, how contrary such a Practice wou'd have been to all his other Endeavours for refining his People. Despotic Power, in all Cases, is somewhat oppressive and debasing; but 'tis altogether ruinous and intolerable, when contracted into a small Compass; and becomes still worse, when the Person, who possesses it, knows that the Time of his Authority is limited and uncertain. *Habet subjectos tanquam suos; viles, ut alienos* †. He governs the Subjects with full Authority, as if they were his own; and with Negligence or Tyranny, as belonging to another. A People govern'd after such a Manner are *Slaves*, in the full and proper Sense of the Word; and 'tis impossible they can ever aspire to any Refinements of Taste or Reason. They dare not so much as pretend to enjoy the Necessaries of Life, in Plenty or Security.

To expect, therefore, that the Arts and Sciences should ever take their *first* Rise in a Monarchy, is to expect a Contradiction. Before these Refinements have been study'd, the Monarch

† *Tacit. Hist. Lib. 1.*

narch is ignorant and barbarous; and, not having Knowledge sufficient to make him sensible of the Necessity of balancing his Government upon general Laws, he delegates his full Powers to all inferior Magistrates. This barbarous Policy debases the People, and for ever prevents all Improvement. Were it possible, that, before Science was known in the World, a Monarch could possess so much Wisdom as to become a Legislator, and govern his People by Law, not by the arbitrary Will of their Fellow-subjects, it might be possible for that Species of Government to be the first Nursery of Arts and Sciences. But in that Supposition there seems to be a manifest Repugnancy.

’Tis possible, that a Republic, in its Infant-state, may be supported by as few Laws as a barbarous Monarchy, and may entrust as unlimited an Authority to its Magistrates or Judges. But, besides that the frequent Elections of these Magistrates by the People, are a considerable Check upon their Authority; ’tis unavoidable, but, in a Tract of Time, the Necessity of restraining the Magistrates, in order to preserve Liberty, must at last appear, and give Rise to general Laws and Statutes. The Ro-

man

man Consuls, for some Time, decided all Causes, without being confin'd by any positive Laws, till the People, bearing this Yoke with Impatience, created the *Decemvirs*, who promulgated the *twelve Tables*; a Body of Laws, which, tho', perhaps, they were not equal in Bulk to one *English* Act of Parliament, were the only written Rules that regulated Property and Punishment, for some Ages, in that famous Republic. They were, however, sufficient, along with the Forms of a free Government, to secure the Lives and Properties of the Citizens; to exempt one Man from the Dominion of another; and to protect every one from the Violence or Tyranny of his Fellow-citizens. In such a Situation, the Sciences may raise their Heads, and flourish: But never can have Being amidst such a Scene of Oppression and Slavery, as always results from barbarous Monarchies, where the People alone are restrain'd by the Authority of the Magistrates, and the Magistrates are not restrain'd by any Law or Statute. An unlimited Despotism of this Nature, while it exists, effectually stops all Improvement, and keeps Men from attaining that Knowledge, which is requisite to instruct them in the Advantages arising from
a better

a better Police, and more moderate Authority.

HERE then are the Advantages of Republics. Tho' a Republic shou'd be barbarous, it necessarily, by an infallible Operation, gives Rise to LAW, even before Mankind have made any considerable Advances in the other Sciences. From Law arises Security: From Security Curiosity: And from Curiosity Knowledge. The latter Steps of this Progress may be more accidental; but the former are altogether necessary. A Republic, without Laws, can never have any Duration. On the contrary, in a Monarchical Government, Law arises not necessarily from the Forms of the Government. Monarchy, when absolute, contains even something repugnant to Law. Great Wisdom and Reflection can alone reconcile them. But such a Degree of Wisdom can never be expected, before the greater Refinements and Improvements of human Reason. These Refinements require Curiosity, Security and Law. The *first* Growth, therefore, of the Arts and Sciences can never be expected in despotic Governments.

ACCORDING to the necessary Progress of Things, Law must precede Science. In Republics Law may precede Science, and may arise from the very Nature of the Government. In Monarchies it arises not from the Nature of the Government, and cannot precede Science. An absolute Prince, that is barbarous, renders all his Ministers and Magistrates as absolute as himself: And there needs no more to prevent, for ever, all Industry, Curiosity and Science.

THERE are other Causes, which discourage the Rise of the refin'd Arts in despotic Governments; tho' I take the Want of Laws, and the Delegation of full Powers to every petty Magistrate, to be the principal. Eloquence certainly arises more naturally in popular Governments: Emulation too, in every Accomplishment, must be there more animated and enliven'd: And Genius and Capacity have a fuller Scope, and Career. All these Causes render free Governments the only proper *Nursery* for the Arts and Sciences.

THE second Observation I shall form on this Head, is, *That nothing is more favourable to*
the

the Rise of Politeness and Learning, than a Number of neighbouring independent States connected together by Commerce and Policy. The Emulation, which naturally rises among those neighbouring States, is an obvious Source of Improvement: But what I wou'd chiefly insist on is the Stop, that such limited Territories give both to Power and to Authority.

EXTENDED Governments, where a single Person has great Influence, become immediately despotic; but small ones change naturally into Commonwealths. A large Government is accustom'd by Degrees to Tyranny; because each Act of Violence is at first perform'd upon a Part, which, being distant from the Majority, is not taken Notice of, nor excites any violent Ferment. Besides, a large Government, tho' the whole be discontented, may, by a little Art, be kept in Obedience; because each Part, being ignorant of the Resolutions of the rest, is afraid to begin any Commotion or Insurrection. Not to mention, that there is a superstitious Reverence for Princes, which Mankind naturally fall into when they do not often see the Prince, and when many of them become not acquainted
with

with him, so as to find him but a Man. And as large States can afford a great Expence, in order to support the Pomp of Majesty, this is a Kind of Fascination on Mankind, and naturally contributes to the enslaving of them.

IN a small Government, any Act of Oppression is immediately known thro' the whole: The Murmurs and Discontents, proceeding from it, are easily communicated: And the Indignation rises the higher, that the Subjects are not apt to apprehend, in such States, that the Distance is very wide betwixt themselves and their Sovereign. "The greatest Enemies to the Glory of Heroes, says a certain Writer, are their *Valet de Chambres*." 'Tis certain, that Admiration and Acquaintance are altogether incompatible with Regard to any mortal Creature. *Antigonus*, being complimented by his Flatterers, as a Deity, and as the Son of that glorious Planet, which illuminates the Universe. *Upon that Head*, says he, *you may consult the Person that empties my close Stool*. Sleep and Love convinc'd *Alexander*, that he was not a God: But I suppose those who attended him daily, cou'd have given many other still more convincing

Proofs

Proofs of his Humanity, in the numberless Weaknesses to which he was subject.

BUT the Divisions into small States are favourable to Learning, by stopping the Progress of *Authority*, as well as that of *Power*. Reputation is often as great a Fascination upon Mankind as Sovereignty, and is equally destructive to the Freedom of Thought and Examination. But where a Number of neighbouring States have a great Intercourse of Arts and Commerce, their mutual Jealousy keeps them from receiving too lightly the Law from each other, in Matters of Taste or of Reasoning, and makes them examine every Work of Art with the greatest Care and Accuracy. The Contagion of popular Opinion spreads not so easily from one Place to another. It readily receives a Check in some State or other, where it concurs not with the prevailing Prejudices. And nothing but Nature or Reason can force its Way thro' all Obstacles, and unite the most rival Nations into an Esteem and Admiration of it.

GREECE was a Cluster of little Principalities, which soon became Republics; and being

ing united both by their near Neighbourhood, and by the Ties of the same Language and Interest, they enter'd into the closest Intercourse of Commerce and of Learning. There concurr'd a happy Climate, a fertile Soil, and a most harmonious and comprehensive Language; so that every Circumstance, among that People, seem'd to favour the Rise of the Arts and Sciences. Each City produc'd its several Artists and Philosophers, who refus'd to yield the Preference to those of the neighbouring Republics: Their Debates and Contentions sharpen'd the Wits of Men: A Variety of Objects was presented to the Judgment, while each challeng'd the Preference to the rest: And the Sciences, not being dwarf'd by the Restraint of Authority, were enabled to make such considerable Shoots, as are, even at this Time, the Objects of our Admiration. After the *Roman Christian* or *Catholic* Church had spread itself over the civiliz'd World, and had engross'd all the Learning of the Times, being really one large State within itself, and united under one Head; this Variety of Sects immediately disappear'd, and the *Peripatetic* Philosophy was alone admitted into all the Schools, to the utter Depravation of every Kind

Kind of Learning. But Mankind having, at Length, thrown off this Yoke, Affairs are now return'd nearly to the same Situation as before, and *Europe* is at present a Copy at large, of what *Greece* was formerly a Pattern in Miniature. We have seen the Advantage of this Situation in several Instances. What check'd the Progress of the *Cartesian* Philosophy, to which the *French* Nation shew'd such a strong Propensity towards the End of the last Century, but the Opposition made to it by the other Nations of *Europe*, who soon discover'd the weak Sides of that Philosophy? The severest Scrutiny, that *Newton's* Theory has undergone, proceeded not from his Countrymen but Foreigners; and if it can overcome the Obstacles it meets with at present in all Parts of *Europe*, it will probably go down triumphant to the latest Posterity. The *English* are become sensible of the scandalous Licentiousness of their Stage, from the Example of the *French* Decency and Morals. The *French* are convinc'd, that their Theatre has become somewhat effeminate, by too much Love and Gallantry, and begin to approve of the more masculine Taste of some of their neighbouring Nations.

IN *China* there seems to be a pretty considerable Stock of Politeness and Science, which, in the Course of so many Centuries, might naturally be expected to ripen into something more perfect and finish'd, than what has yet arisen from them. But *China* is one vast Empire, speaking one Language, govern'd by one Law, and sympathizing in the same Manners. The Authority of any Teacher, such as *Confucius*, was propagated easily from one Corner of the Empire to another. None had the Courage to resist the Torrent of popular Opinions. And Posterity were not bold enough to dispute what had been universally receiv'd by their Ancestors. This seems to be one natural Reason, why the Sciences have made so slow a Progress in that mighty Empire.

IF we consider the Face of the Globe, *Europe*, of all the four Parts of the World, is the most broken by Seas, Rivers and Mountains; and *Greece* of all Countries of *Europe*. Hence these Regions were naturally divided into several distinct Governments. And hence the Sciences arose in *Greece*; and *Europe* has been

been hitherto the most constant Habitation of them.

I HAVE sometimes been inclin'd to think, that Interruptions in the Periods of Learning, were they not attended with such a Destruction of antient Books, and the Records of History, wou'd be rather favourable to the Arts and Sciences, by breaking the Progress of Authority, and dethroning the tyrannical Usurpers over human Reason. In this Particular, they have the same Influence, as Interruptions in political Governments and Societies. Consider the slavish Submission of the antient Philosophers to the several Masters in each School, and you'll be convinc'd, that no good cou'd ever be expected from a hundred Centuries of such a servile Philosophy. Even the *Éclectics*, who arose about the Age of *Augustus*, notwithstanding their professing to chuse freely what pleas'd them from every different Sect, were yet, in the Main, as slavish and dependent as any of their Brethren; since they sought for Truth, not in Nature, but in the several Schools; where they suppos'd she must necessarily be found, tho' not united in a Body, yet dispers'd in Parts. Upon the Revival

of Learning, those Sects of *Stoics*, and *Epicureans*, *Platonists* and *Pythagoreans* cou'd never regain any Credit or Authority; and, at the same Time, by the Example of their Fall, kept Men from submitting, with such blind Defe-
rence, to those new Sects, which have attempt-
ed to gain an Ascendant over them.

THE *third* Observation I shall form on this Head, of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences, is, *That tho' the only proper Nursery of these noble Plants be a free Government, yet they may be transplanted into any Govern-ment; and that a Republic is most favourable to the Growth of the Sciences, and a civiliz'd Monarchy to that of the polite Arts.*

To balance a large State or Society, whether Monarchical or Republican, on general Laws, is a Work of so great Difficulty, that no human Genius, however comprehensive, is able, by the mere Dint of Reason and Reflection, to effectuate it. The Judgments of many must unite in this Work: Experience must guide their Labour: Time must bring it to Perfection: And the feeling of Inconvenien-
cies must correct the Mistakes, which they
inevitably

inevitably fall into, in their frequent Trials and Experiments. Hence the Impossibility appears, that this Undertaking should be begun and carried on in any Monarchy; since such a Form of Government, before it be civiliz'd, knows no other Secret in Policy, than that of entrusting unlimited Powers with every Governor or Magistrate, and subdividing the People into so many Classes and Orders of Slavery. From such a Situation, no Improvements can ever be expected in the Sciences, in the liberal Arts, in Laws, and scarce in the manual Arts or Manufactures. The same Barbarity and Ignorance, with which the Government commences, is propagated to all Posterity, and can never come to a Period by the Efforts or Ingenuity of such unhappy Slaves.

BUT tho' LAW, the Source of all Security and Happiness, arises late in any Government, and is the slow Product of Order and of Liberty, it is not preserv'd with the same Difficulty, that it is produc'd; but when it has once taken Root, is a hardy Plant, which will scarce ever perish thro' the ill Culture of Men, or the Rigour of the Seasons. The Arts of Luxury, and much more the liberal Arts,
which

which depend on a refin'd Taste or Sentiment, are easily lost; because they are always relish'd by a few only, whose Leisure, Fortune and Genius fit them for such Amusements. But what is profitable to every Mortal, and in common Life, when once it is discover'd, can scarce ever perish, but by the total Subversion of Society, and by such furious Inundations of barbarous Invaders, as obliterate all Memory of former Arts and Civility. Imitation also is apt to transport these coarser and more useful Arts from one Climate to another, and make them precede the refin'd Arts in their Progress; tho perhaps they sprung after them in their first Rise and Propagation. From these Causes proceed civiliz'd Monarchies, where the Arts of Government, first invented in free States, are preserv'd, to the mutual Advantage and Security of Sovereign and Subject.

HOWEVER perfect, therefore, the Monarchical Form may appear to some Politicians, it owes all its Perfection to the Republican; nor is it possible, that a pure Despotism, establish'd among a barbarous People, can ever, by its native Force and Energy, refine and polish itself. It must borrow its Laws, and Methods,
and

and Institutions, and consequently its Stability and Order, from free Governments. These Advantages are the sole Growth of Republics. The extensive Despotism of a barbarous Monarchy, by entering into the Detail of the Government, as well as into the principal Points of Administration, for ever prevents all such Improvements.

IN a civiliz'd Monarchy, the Prince alone is unrestrain'd in the Exercise of his Authority, and possesses alone a Power, which is not bounded by any Thing but Custom, Example, and the Sense of his own Interest. Every Minister or Magistrate, however eminent, must submit to the general Laws, which govern the whole Society, and must exert the Authority delegated to him after the Manner, which is prescrib'd. The People depend on none but their Sovereign, for the Security of their Property. He is so far remov'd from them, and is so much exempt from private Jealousies or Interests, that this Dependence is not felt. And thus a Species of Government arises, to which, in a high political Rant, we may give the Name of *Tyranny*, but which, by a just and prudent Administration, may

may afford sufficient Security to the People, and may fulfil almost every End of political Society.

BUT tho' in a civiliz'd Monarchy, as well as in a Republic, the People have sufficient Security for the Enjoyment of their Property; yet in both these Forms of Government, those who possess the supreme Authority have the Disposal of many Honours and Advantages, which sufficiently excite the Ambition and Avarice of Mankind. The only Difference is, that in a Republic, the Candidates for Offices must look downwards, to gain the Suffrages of the People; in a Monarchy, must turn their Attention upwards, to court the good Graces and Favour of the Great. To be successful in the former Way, 'tis necessary for a Man to make himself *useful*, by his Industry, Capacity, or Knowledge: To be prosperous in the latter Way, 'tis requisite for him to render himself *agreeable*, by his Wit, Complaisance, or Civility. A strong Genius succeeds best in Republics: A refin'd Taste in Monarchies. And consequently the Sciences are the more natural Growth of the one, and the polite Arts of the other.

Not

NOT to mention, that Monarchies, receiving their chief Stability from a superstitious Reverence to Priests and Princes, have always abridg'd the Liberty of Reasoning, with Regard to Religion and Politics, and consequently Metaphysics and Morals. All these form the most considerable Branches of Science. Mathematics and natural Philosophy, which are the only ones that remain, are not half so valuable.

THERE is a very great Connection among all the Arts, that contribute to Pleasure; and the same Delicacy of Taste, which enables us to make Improvements in one, will not allow the others to remain altogether rude and barbarous. Amongst all the Arts of Conversation, no one pleases more than mutual Defecence and Civility, which leads us to resign our own Inclinations to those of our Companion, and to curb and conceal that Presumption and Arrogance so natural to the Mind of Man. A good-natur'd Man, that is well educated, practices this Civility to every Mortal, without Premeditation or Interest: But, in order to render that valuable Quality general among any People, it seems necessary to assist the natural Dispositions by some general Motive.

Where

Where Power rises upwards from the People to the Great, as in all Republics, such Refinements of Civility are apt to be little practis'd; since the whole State are, by that Means, brought near to a Level, and every Member of it is render'd, in a great Measure, independent of another. The People have the Advantage, by the Authority of their Suffrages: The Great, by the Superiority of their Station. But in a civiliz'd Monarchy, there is a long Train of Dependence from the Prince to the Peasant, which is not great enough to render Property precarious, or depress the Minds of the People; but is sufficient to beget in every one an Inclination to please his Superiors, and form himself upon those Models, which are most acceptable to People of Condition and Education. Politeness of Manners, therefore, arises most naturally in Monarchies and Courts; and where that flourishes, none of the liberal Arts will be altogether neglected or despis'd.

THE Republics in *Europe* are at present noted for Want of Politeness. *The good Manners of a Swiss civiliz'd in Holland* *, is another
Expres.

* *C'est la politesse d'un Suisse
Dans la Hollande civilisè.*

Expression for Rusticity among the *French*. The *English* fall under the same Censure, notwithstanding their Learning and Genius. And if the *Venetians* be an Exception to the Rule, they owe it, perhaps, to their Communication with the other *Italians*, most of whose Governments beget a Dependence more than sufficient for the civilizing their Manners.

‘TIS difficult to pronounce any Judgment concerning the Refinements of the antient Republics in this Particular: But I am apt to suspect, that the Arts of Conversation were not brought so near Perfection amongst them as the Arts of Writing and Composition. Their Scurrility, in many Instances, is quite shocking, and exceeds all Belief. Their Vanity also is not a little offensive; as well as the common Licentiousness and Immodesty of their Stile. *Quicumque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, manu, ventre, pene, bona patria laceraverat,* says *Salust* in one of the gravest and most moral Passages of his History. *Nam fuit ante Helenam Cunnus teterrima belli causa,* is an Expression of *Horace*, in tracing the Origin of mo-

ral Good and Evil. *Ovid* and *Lucretius* * are almost as licentious in their Stile as my Lord *Rochester*; tho' the former were fine Gentlemen and delicate Writers, and the latter was an abandon'd and shameless Profligate. *Juvenal* inculcates Modesty with great Zeal; but sets a very bad Example of it, if we consider the Impudence of his Expressions.

I SHALL also be so bold, as to affirm, That among the Antients, there was not much Delicacy of breeding, or that polite Deference and Respect, which Civility obliges us either to express or counterfeit towards the Persons we converse with. *Cicero* was certainly one of the politest Gentlemen of his Age; and yet I must confess I have frequently been shockt with the poor Figure under which he represents his Friend *Atticus*, in those Dialogues, wherein he himself is introduc'd as a Speaker. That learned and virtuous *Roman*, whose Dignity, tho' he was only a private Gentleman,

was

* This Poet recommends a very extraordinary Cure for Love, and what one expects not to meet with in so elegant and philosophical a Poem. It seems to have been the Original of some of Dr. *Swift*'s beautiful and cleanly Images. See *Lib. IV.* 1165. The elegant *Catullus* and *Phædrus* fall under the same Censure.

was inferior to that of no one in Rome, is there shewn in rather a more pitiful Light than *Philalethes's* Friend in our modern Dialogues. He is a humble Admirer of the Orator, pays him frequent Compliments, and receives his Instructions, with all the Deference that a Scholar owes to his Master. Even *Cato* is treated in a very Cavalier-manner in the Dialogues *de finibus*. And 'tis remarkable, that *Cicero*, being a great Sceptic in Matters of Religion, and unwilling to determine any Thing on that Head among the different Sects of Philosophy, introduces his Friends disputing concerning the Being and Nature of the Gods, while he is only a Hearer; because, forsooth, it would have been an Impropriety for so great a Genius as himself, had he spoke, not to have said something decisive on the Subject, and have carried every Thing before him, as he always does on other Occasions. There is also a Spirit of Dialogue observ'd in the charming Books *de Oratore*, and a tolerable Equality maintain'd among the Speakers: But then these Speakers are the great Men of the Age preceeding our Author, and he recounts the Conference as only from Hearsay.

Tis

'Tis but a very indifferent Compliment, which Horace pays to his Friend Grosphus, in the Ode address'd to him. † No one, says he, is happy in every Respect. And I may perhaps enjoy some Advantages, which you are depriv'd of. You possess great Riches: Your bellowing Herds cover the Silician Plains: Your Chariot is drawn by the finest Horses: And you are array'd in the richest Purple. But the indulgent Fates, with a small Inheritance, have given ME a fine Genius, and have endow'd me with a Contempt for the malignant Judgments of the Vulgar. Phadrus says to his Patron, Eurychus, If you design to read my Works, I shall be pleas'd: If not, I shall, at least, have the

† ————— Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

*Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.*

*Te greges centum, Siculaque circum
Mugiant vaccae: tibi tollit, hinni-
Tum apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ*

*Vestiunt lana: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritus Graiae tenuem Camænae
Parca non mendax dedit & malignum
Spernere vulgus.*

Lib. 2. Ode 16.

the Advantage of pleasing Posterity *. I am apt to think, that a modern Poet wou'd not have been guilty of such an Impropriety as that which may be observ'd in *Virgil's* Address to *Augustus*, when, after a great deal of extravagant Flattery, and after having deify'd the Emperor, according to the Custom of those Times, he, at last, places this God on the same Level with himself, † *By your gracious Nod,*
says

* *Quem si leges, lætabor; sin autem minus, habebunt certe quo se oblectent posteri.*

† *Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes*

Ingrederere, & votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.

One wou'd not say to a Prince or great Man, *When you and I were in such a Place, we saw such a Thing happen.* But *when you were in such a Place, I attended on you: And such a Thing happen'd.*

Here I cannot forbear mentioning a Piece of Delicacy observ'd in *France*, which seems to me excessive and ridiculous. You must not say, *That is a very fine Dog, Madam.* But, *Madam, That is a very fine Dog.* They think it indecent, that those Words, *Dog* and *Madam* shou'd be coupl'd together in the Sentence; tho' they have no Reference to each other in the Sense.

After all, I acknowledge, that this Reasoning from single Passages of antient Authors may seem fallacious, and that the foregoing Arguments cannot have great Force, but with those who are well acquainted with these Authors, and know the Truth of the general Position. For Instance, What Absurdity wou'd it be to assert, that *Virgil* understood not the Force of the
Terms

says he, *render my undertaking prosperous; and taking Pity, along with me, of the Swains ignorant of Husbandry, bestow your favourable Influence on this Work.* Had Men, in that Age, been accustom'd to observe such Niceties, a Writer so delicate as *Virgil* wou'd certainly have given a different Turn to this Sentence. The Court of *Augustus*, however polite, had not yet, it seems, wore off the Manners of the Republic.

CARDINAL *Wolsey* apologiz'd for his famous Piece of Insolence, in saying, EGO ET REX MEUS, *I and my King*, by observing, that this Expression was exactly conformable to the *Latin* Idiom, and that a *Roman* always nam'd himself before the Person to whom, or of whom he spake. Yet this seems to have been an Instance of Want of Civility among that People. The Antients made it a Rule, That the Person of the greatest Dignity shou'd be mention'd
first

Terms he employs, and cou'd not chuse his Epithets with Propriety; because in the following Lines, address'd also to *Augustus*, he has fail'd in that Particular, and has ascrib'd to the *Indians* a Quality, which seems, in a Manner, to turn his Hero into Ridicule.

Et te, maxime *Cæsar*,
Qui nunc extremis *Asiæ* jam victor in oris
Impbellem avertis *Romanis* arcibus Indum.

Georg. Lib. II.

first in the Discourse; insomuch, that we find, the Spring of a Quarrel and Jealousy betwixt the *Romans* and *Ætolians*, to have been a Poet's naming the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*, in celebrating a Victory gain'd by their united Arms over the *Macedonians* *.

IF the Superiority in Politeness shou'd be allow'd to modern Times, the modern Notions of *Gallantry* and *Honour*, the natural Product of Courts and Monarchies, will probably be assign'd as the Causes of this Refinement. No one denies these Inventions to be modern †: But some of the most zealous Partizans of the Antients, have asserted them to be foppish and ridiculous, and a Reproach, rather than an Honour to the present Age ‡. It may here be proper to examine this Question, with regard both to *Gallantry* and *Honour*. We shall begin with *Gallantry*.

NATURE has implanted in all living Creatures an Affection betwixt the Sexes, which
even

* *Plut. in vita Flaminii.*

† In the *Self-tormentor* of *Terence*, *Clinias*, when ever he comes to Town, instead of waiting on his Mistress, sends for her to come to him.

‡ My Lord *Shaftsbury*, see his *Moralists*.

even in the fiercest and most rapacious Animals, is not merely confin'd to the Satisfaction of the bodily Appetite, but begets a Friendship and mutual Sympathy, that runs thro' the whole Tenor of their Lives. Nay, it may farther be observ'd, that even in those Species, where Nature confines the Indulgence of this Appetite to one Season and to one Object, and forms a Kind of Marriage or Association betwixt a single Male and Female, there is yet a visible Complacency and Benevolence, which extends farther, and mutually softens the Affections of the Sexes towards each other †. How much more must this have Place in Man, where the Confinement of the Appetite is not natural; but either proceeds accidentally from some strong Charm of Love, or arises from Reflections on Duty and Convenience? Nothing, therefore, can proceed less from Affec-
tation

† *Tutti gli altri animai, che sono in terra,
O che vivon quieti & stanno in pace;
O si vengon a rissa, & si fan guerra,
A la femina il maschi non la face.
L'orsa con l'orso al bosco sicura erra,
La Leonessa appressò il Leon giace.
Con Lupo vive il Lupa sicura.
Ne la Giuvenca ha del Torel paura.*

Ariosto Canto 5.

tation than the Passion of Gallantry. 'Tis *natural* in the highest Degree. Art and Education, in the most polish'd and refin'd Courts, make no more Alteration on it, than on all the other laudable Passions. They only turn the Mind more towards it: They refine it; they polish it; and give it a proper Grace and Expression:

BUT Gallantry is as *generous* as it is *natural*. To correct such gross Vices, as commit a real Injury to others, is the Part of Morals, and the Object of the most ordinary Education. Where *that* is not attended to, in some Degree, no human Society can subsist. But in order to render Conversation, and the Intercourse of Minds more easy and agreeable, Good-manners have been invented, and have carry'd the Matter somewhat farther. Wherever Nature has given the Mind a Propensity to any Vice, or to any Passion disagreeable to others, refin'd Breeding has taught Men to throw the Byass on the opposite Side, and to preserve, in all their Behaviour, the Appearance of Sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume

the Preference above others, a polite Man is taught to behave with Deference towards those he converses with, and to yield the Superiority to them in all the common Incidents of Society. In like Manner, wherever a Person's Situation may naturally beget any disagreeable Suspicion in him, 'tis the Part of Good-manners to prevent it, by a studied Display of Sentiments, directly contrary to those which he is apt to be jealous of. Thus, old Men know their Infirmities, and are apt to dread Contempt from the Youth: Hence, well-educated Youth redouble the Instances of Respect and Deference to their Elders. Strangers and Foreigners are without Protection: Hence, in all polite Countries, they receive the highest Civilities, and are intitled to the first Place in every Company. A Man is Lord in his own Family, and his Guests are, in a Manner, subjected to his Authority: Hence, he is always the lowest Person in the Company; attentive to the Wants of every one; and giving himself all the Trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an Affectation, or impose too much Constraint on his Guests. Gallantry is nothing but an Instance of the same generous and refin'd Behaviour. As Nature has
given

given *Man* the Superiority above *Woman*, by endowing him with greater Strength both of Mind and Body, 'tis his Part to alleviate that Superiority, as much as possible, by the Generosity of his Behaviour, and by a study'd Deference and Complaisance for all her Inclinations and Opinions. Barbarous Nations display this Superiority, by reducing their Females to the most abject Slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the Male-Sex, among a polite People, discover their Authority in a more generous, tho' not a less evident Manner; by Civility, by Respect, by Complaisance, and, in a Word, by Gallantry. In good Company, you need not ask, Who is the Master of the Feast? The Person, who sits in the lowest Place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the Person. We must either condemn all such Instances of Generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of Gallantry among the rest. The antient *Muscovites* wedded their Wives with a Whip, instead of a Wedding-Ring. The same People, in their own Houses, took always the Precedency above Foreigners, even foreign † Ambassadors.

† See, *Relation of three Embassies*, by Earl of Carlisle.

sadors. These two Instances of their Generosity and Politeness are much of a Piece.

GALLANTRY is not less consistent with *Wisdom* and *Prudence*, than with *Nature* and *Generosity*; and, when under proper Regulations, contributes, more than any other Invention, to the *Entertainment* and *Improvement* of the Youth of both Sexes. In all Vegetables, 'tis observable, that the Flower and the Seed are always connected together; and in like Manner, among every Species of Animals, Nature has founded on the Love betwixt the Sexes their sweetest and best Enjoyment. But the Satisfaction of the bodily Appetite is not alone of great Value; and even in brute Creatures, we find, that their Play and Dalliance, and other Expressions of Fondness, form the greatest Part of the Entertainment. In rational Creatures, we must certainly admit the Mind for a considerable Share. Were we to rob the Feast of all its Garniture of Reason, Discourse, Sympathy, Friendship, and Gaiety, what remains wou'd scarce be worth Acceptance, in the Judgment of the truly elegant and luxurious.

WHAT better School for Manners, than the Company of virtuous Women; where the mutual Endeavour to please must insensibly polish the Mind, where the Example of the Female Softness and Modesty must communicate itself to their Admirers, and where the Delicacy of that Sex puts every one on his Guard, lest he give Offence by any Breach of Decency?

I MUST confess, That my own particular Choice rather leads me to prefer the Company of a few select Companions, with whom I can, calmly and peaceably, enjoy the Feast of Reason, and try the Justness of every Reflection, whether gay or serious, that may occur to me. But as such a delightful Society is not every Day to be met with, I must think, that mixt Companies, without the Fair-Sex, are the most insipid Entertainment in the World, and destitute of Gaiety and Politeness, as much as of Sense and Reason. Nothing can keep them from excessive Dulness but hard Drinking; a Remedy worse than the Disease.

AMONG the Antients, the Character of the Fair-Sex was consider'd as altogether domestic, nor were they regarded as Part of the polite World,

World, or of good Company. This, perhaps, is the true Reason why the Antients have not left us one Piece of Pleasantry, that is excellent, (unless one may except the Banquet of *Xenophon*, and some Dialogues of *Lucian*) tho' many of their serious Compositions are altogether inimitable. *Horace* condemns the coarse Railleries and cold Jests of *Plautus*: But, are his own much more entertaining? This, therefore, is one considerable Improvement, which the polite Arts have receiv'd from Gallantry, and from Courts, where it first arose.

THE Point of *Honour* is a modern Invention, as well as *Gallantry*; and by some esteem'd equally useful for the refining of Manners: But how it has contributed to that Effect, I am at a Loss to determine. Conversation, among the greatest Rustics, is not commonly infested with such Rudeness as can give Occasion to Duels, even according to the most refined Laws of this fantastic Honour; and as to the other smaller Indecencies, which are the most offensive, because the most frequent, they can never be cur'd by the Practice of Duelling. But these Notions are not only *useless* but *pernicious*. By separating the Man of Honour

hour from the Man of Virtue, the greatest Profligates have got something to value themselves upon, and have been able to keep themselves in Countenance, tho' guilty of the most shameful and most dangerous Vices: They are Debauchees, Spendthrifts, and never pay a Farthing they owe: But they are Men of Honour; and therefore are to be receiv'd as Gentlemen in all Companies.

THERE are some of the Parts of modern Honour, which are the most essential Parts of Morality; such as Fidelity, the observing Promises, and telling Truth. These Points of Honour Mr. *Addison* had in his Eye, when he made *Juba* say,

*Honour's a sacred Tye, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, when it meets her,
And imitates her Actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.*

These Lines are very beautiful: But I am afraid, that Mr. *Addison* has here been guilty of that Impropriety of Sentiment with which he has so justly reproach'd other Poets. The Antients certainly never had any Notion of Honour as distinct from Virtue.

BUT,

BUT, to return from this Digression, I shall advance it as a *fourth* Observation on this Head, of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences, *That when the Arts and Sciences come to Perfection in any State, from that Moment they naturally, or rather necessarily decline, and seldom or never revive in that Nation, where they formerly flourish'd.*

IT must be confess'd, that this Maxim, tho' conformable to Experience, may, at first Sight, be esteem'd very contrary to Reason. If the natural Genius of Mankind be the same in all Ages, and in almost all Countries, (as I am of Opinion it is) it must very much forward and cultivate this Genius, to be possess'd of exact Models in every Art, to regulate the Taste, and fix the Objects of Imitation. The Models left us by the Antients gave Birth to all the Arts about 200 Years ago, and have mightily advanc'd their Progress in every Country of *Europe*: Why had they not a like Effect during the Reign of *Trajan* and his Successors, when they were much more entire, and were still admir'd and study'd by the whole World? So late as the Emperor *Justinian*, the POET, by Way of Distinction, was understood, among
the

the *Greeks*, to be *Homer*; among the *Romans*, *Virgil*. Such Admiration still remain'd for these divine Geniuses; tho' no Poet had appear'd for many Centuries, who cou'd justly pretend to have imitated them.

A MAN's Genius is always, in the Beginning of his Life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and 'tis only after frequent Trials, attended with Success, that he dare think himself equal to those Undertakings, in which they who have succeeded, have fixt the Admiration of Mankind. If his own Nation be already possess'd of many glorious Models of Eloquence, he naturally compares his own juvenile Exercises with these; and being sensible of the infinite Disproportion betwixt them, is discouraged from any further Attempts, and never dares aspire to a Rivalship with those Authors, whom he so much admires. A noble Emulation is the Source of every Excellence. Admiration and Modesty naturally extinguish this Emulation. And no one is so liable to an Excess of Admiration and Modesty, as a truly great Genius.

NEXT to Emulation, the greatest Encourager of the noble Arts is Praise and Glory. A Writer is animated with new Force, when he hears the Applauses of the World for his former Productions; and, being rous'd by such a Motive, he often reaches a Pitch of Perfection, which is equally surprising to himself and to his Readers. But when the Posts of Honour are all occupy'd, his first Attempts are but coldly receiv'd by the Public, being compar'd to Productions, which are both in themselves more excellent, and have already the Advantage of an establish'd Reputation. Were *Moliere* or *Corneille* to bring upon the Stage at present their early Productions, which were formerly so well receiv'd, 'twou'd discourage the young Poets, to see the Indifference and Disdain of the Public. The Ignorance of the Age alone cou'd have given Admission to the *Prince of Tyre*; but 'tis to that we owe the *Moor*: Had every Man in his Humour been rejected, we had never seen *Volpone*.

PERHAPS it may not be for the Advantage of any Nation, to have the Arts imported from their Neighbours in too great Perfection. This extinguishes Emulation, and sinks the Ardour
of

of the generous Youth. So many perfect Models of *Italian* Painting brought into *Great Britain*, instead of exciting our Artists, is the Cause of their small Progress in that noble Art. The same, perhaps, was the Case of *Rome*, when it receiv'd the Arts from *Greece*. That Multitude of finish'd Productions in the *French* Language, dispers'd all over *Germany* and the North, hinder these Nations from cultivating their own Language, and keep them still dependent on their Neighbours for those elegant Entertainments.

'Tis true, the Antients had left us Models in every Kind of Writing, which are highly worthy of Admiration. But besides that they were wrote in Languages, which were known only to the Learn'd; besides this, I say, the Comparison is not so perfect nor intire betwixt modern Wits, and those who liv'd in so remote an Age. Had *Waller* been born in *Rome*, during the Reign of *Tiberius*, his first Productions had been despis'd, when compared to the finish'd Odes of *Horace*. But in this Island the Superiority of the *Roman* Poet diminish'd nothing from the Fame of the *English*. We thought ourselves sufficiently happy, that
our

our Climate and Language cou'd produce but a faint Copy of so excellent an Original.

IN short, the Arts and Sciences, like some Plants, require a fresh Soil; and however rich the Land may be, and however you may recruit it by Art or Care, it will never, when once exhausted, produce any Thing that is perfect or finish'd in the Kind.

ESSAY

ESSAY VI.

The EPICUREAN †.

TIS a great Mortification to the Vanity of Man, that his utmost Art and Industry can never equal the meanest of Nature's Productions, either for Beauty or Value. Art is only the Under-workman, and is imploy'd to give a few Strokes of Embellishment to those Pieces, which come from the Hand of the Master. Some of the Drapery may be of his Drawing; but he is not allow'd to touch the principal Figure. Art may make a Suit of Clothes: But Nature must produce a Man.

EVEN in those Productions, which are commonly denominated Works of Art, we find, that the noblest of the Kind are beholden for their chief Beauty to the Force and happy Influence of Nature. To the *Oestrum* or *Verve* of the Poets, we owe whatever is admirable in their Productions. The greatest Genius, where

† Or, the Man of Elegance and Pleasure.

where Nature at any Time fails him (for she is not equal) throws aside the Lyre, and hopes not, from the Rules of Art, to reach that Divine Harmony, which must proceed from her Inspiration alone. How poor are those Songs, where a happy Flow of Fancy has not furnish'd Materials for Art to embellish and refine!

BUT of all the fruitless Attempts of Art, no one is so ridiculous, as that which the severe Philosophers have undertaken, the producing an *artificial Happiness*, and making us be pleased by Rules of Reason, and by Reflection. Why did none of them claim the Reward, which *Xerxes* promis'd to any one, that cou'd invent a new Pleasure. Unless, perhaps, they invented so many Pleasures for their own Use, that they despis'd Riches, and stood in no Need of any Pleasures, which the Rewards of that Monarch cou'd procure them. I am apt, indeed, to think, that they were not willing to furnish the Court of *Persia* with a new Pleasure, by presenting it with so new and unusual an Object of Ridicule. Their Speculations, when confin'd to Theory, and gravely deliver'd in the Schools of *Greece*, might excite
Admi-

Admiration in their ignorant Pupils: But the attempting to reduce such Principles to Practice wou'd soon betray their Absurdity.

You pretend to make me happy by Reason, and by Rules of Art. You must, then, create meanew by Rules of Art. For on my inward Frame and Structure does my Happiness depend. But you want Power to effectuate this; and Skill too, I am afraid: Nor can I entertain a less Opinion of Nature's Wisdom than of yours. And let her conduct the Machine, which she has so wisely fram'd. I find, that I shou'd only spoil it by my tampering.

To what Purpose shou'd I pretend to regulate, refine, or invigorate any of those Springs or Principles, which Nature has implanted in me? Is this the Road, by which I must reach Happiness? But Happiness implies Ease, Contentment, Repose and Pleasure; not Watchfulness, Care, and Fatigue. The Health of my Body consists in the Facility with which all its Operations are perform'd. The Stomach digests the Aliments: The Heart circulates the Blood: The Brain separates and refines

finer the Spirits: And all this without my concerning myself in the Matter. When by my Will alone I can stop the Blood, as it runs with Impetuosity along its Canals, then may I hope to change the Course of my Sentiments and Passions. In vain shou'd I strain my Faculties, and endeavour to receive Pleasure from an Object, which is not fitted by Nature to affect my Organs with Delight. I may give myself Pain by my fruitless Endeavours; but shall never reach any Pleasure.

Away then with all those vain Pretences of making ourselves happy within ourselves, of feasting on our own Thoughts, of being satisfy'd with the Consciousness of Well-doing, and of despising all Assistance and all Supplies from external Objects. This is the Voice of PRIDE, not of NATURE. And 'twere well, if even this Pride cou'd support itself, and communicate a real *inward* Pleasure, however melancholy or severe. But this impotent Pride can do no more than regulate the *Outside*; and with infinite Pains and Attention compose the Language and Countenance to a Philosophical Dignity, in order to deceive the ignorant Vulgar. The Heart, mean while, is
empty

empty of all Enjoyment: And the Mind, unsupported by its proper Objects, sinks down into the deepest Sorrow and Melancholy. Miserable, but vain Mortal! Thy Mind be happy within itself! With what Resources is it endow'd to fill so immense a Void, and supply the Place of all thy bodily Senses and Faculties? Can thy Head subsist without thy other Members? In such a Situation,

*What foolish Figure must it make?
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.*

Into such a Lethargy, or such a Melancholy, must thy Mind be plung'd, when depriv'd of foreign Occupations and Enjoyments.

KEEP me, therefore, no longer in this violent Constraint. Confine me not within myself; but point out to me those Objects and Pleasures, which afford the chief Enjoyment. But why do I apply to you, proud and ignorant Sages, to show me the Road to Happiness? Let me consult my own Passions and Inclinations. In them must I read the Dictates of Nature; not in your frivolous Discourses.

BUT see, propitious to my Wishes, the divine, the amiable *PLEASURE, the supreme Love of GOD and Men, advances towards me. At her Approach, my Heart beats with genial Heat, and every Sense and every Faculty is dissolv'd in Joy; while she pours around me all the Embellishments of the Spring, and all the Treasures of the Autumn. The Melody of her Voice charms my Ears with the softest Music, as she invites me to partake of those delicious Fruits, which, with a Smile that diffuses a Glory on the Heavens and the Earth, she presents to me. The sportive *Cupids*, that attend her, or fan me with their odoriferous Wings, or pour on my Head the most fragrant Oils, or offer me their sparkling Nectar in golden Goblets. O! for ever let me spread my Limbs on this Bed of Roses, and thus, thus feel the delicious Moments, with soft and downy Steps, glide along. But cruel Chance! Whether do you fly so fast? Why do my ardent Wishes, and that Load of Pleasures, which you labour under, rather hasten, than retard your unrelenting Pace? Suffer me to enjoy this soft Repose, after all my Fatigues in Search of Happiness. Suffer me to satiate myself with these

† *Dia voluptas.*

Lucret.

these Delicacies, after the Pains of so long and so foolish an Abstinence.

BUT 'twill not do. The Roses have lost their Hue: The Fruit its Flavour: And that delicious Wine, whose Fumes, so late, intoxicated all my Senses with such Delight, does now in vain sollicit the sated Palate. *Pleasure* smiles at my Languour. She beckens to her Sister, *Virtue*, to come to her Assistance. The gay, the frolic *Virtue* hears her Voice, and brings along the whole Troop of my jovial Friends. Welcome, thrice welcome, my ever dear Companions, to these shady Bowers, and to this luxurious Repaste. Your Presence has restor'd to the Rose its Hue, and to the Fruit its Flavour. The Vapours of this sprightly Nectar do now again play around my Heart; while you partake of my Delights, and discover, in your chearful Looks, the Pleasure you receive from my Happiness and Satisfaction. The like do I receive from yours; and encourag'd by your joyous Presence, shall again renew the Feast, with which, from too much Enjoyment, my Senses were well-nigh sated; while the Mind kept not pace with the Body,
nor

nor afforded Relief to her o'er-burthen'd Partner.

IN our chearful Discourses, better than in the formal Reasonings of the Schools, is true Wisdom to be found. In our friendly Endearments, better than in the hollow Debates of Statesmen and pretended Patriots, does true Virtue display itself. Forgetful of the past, secure of the future, let us here enjoy the present; and while we yet possess a Being, let us fix some Good, beyond the Power of Fate or Fortune. To-morrow will bring its own Pleasures along with it: But shou'd it disappoint our fond Wishes, we shall at least enjoy the Pleasure of reflecting on the Pleasures of To-day.

FEAR not, my Friends, that the barbarous Dissonance of *Bacchus*, and of his Revellers, shou'd break in upon this Entertainment, and confound us with their horrid Discord. The sprightly Muses wait around; and with their charming Symphony, sufficient to soften the Wolves and Tygers of the savage Desert, inspire a soft Joy into every Bosom. Peace, Harmony, and Concord reign in this Retreat; nor

is

is the Silence ever broke but by the Music of our Songs, or the chearful Accents of our friendly Voices.

BUT hark! the Favourite of the Muses, the gentle *Damon*, strikes the Lyre; and while he accompanies its harmonious Notes with his more harmonious Song, he inspires us with the same happy Debauch of Fancy, by which he is himself transported. “Ye favour’d of
 “Heaven †, he sings, while the wanton Spring
 “pours upon you all her blooming Honours,
 “let not *Glory* seduce you, with her delusive
 “Blaze, to pass in Perils and Dangers this
 “delicious Season, this Prime of Life. Wisdom points out to you the Road to Pleasure: Nature too beckens to you to follow her in that smooth and flowry Path. Will you shut your Ears to their commanding Voice? Will you harden your Heart to their soft Allurements? Oh, deluded Mortals, thus to lose your Youth; thus to throw away so invaluable a Present, to trifle with
 “so

† An Imitation of *Armida's* Song in *Tasso*.

O *Giovinetti*, mentre *Aprile* & *Maggio*

Vammantan di fioritè & *verdi spoglie*, &c.

Giurefalemme liberata, Canto 14.

“ so perishing a Blessing. Contemplate well
 “ your Recompence. Consider that Glory,
 “ which so allures your proud Hearts, and se-
 “ duces you with your own Praises, ’Tis an
 “ Eccho, a Dream, nay the Shadow of a
 “ Dream, which is dissipated by every Wind,
 “ and lost by every contrary Breath of the
 “ ignorant and ill-judging Multitude. You
 “ fear not, that even Death itself will ravish
 “ it from you. But behold! while you are yet
 “ alive, Calumny bereaves you of it, Igno-
 “ rance neglects it; Nature enjoys it not;
 “ Fancy alone, renouncing every Pleasure, re-
 “ ceives this airy Recompence, empty and un-
 “ stable as itself.”

THUS the Hours pass unperceiv’d along,
 and lead in their wanton Train all the Plea-
 sures of Sense, and all the Joys of Harmony
 and Friendship. Smiling *Innocence* closes the
 Procession; and while she presents herself to
 our ravish’d Eyes, she embellishes the whole
 Scene, and renders the View of these Plea-
 sures as transporting, after they have past us,
 as when, with laughing Countenances, they
 were yet advancing towards us.

BUT

BUT the Sun has sunk below the Horizon;
and Darkness, stealing silently upon us, has
now bury'd all Nature in an universal Shade.
" Rejoice, my Friends; continue your Re-
" paste, or change it for soft Repose. Tho'
" absent, your Joy or your Tranquillity shall
" still be mine." *But whither do you go? Or
what new Pleasures call you from our Society?
Is there aught agreeable without your Friends?
And can aught please, in which we partake
not?* " Yes, my Friends; the Joy, which I
" now seek, admits not of your Participati-
" on. Here alone I wish your Absence: And
" here alone can I find a sufficient Compen-
" sation for the Loss of your Society.

BUT I have not advanc'd far thro' the Shades
of the thick Wood, which spreads a double
Night around me, e're, methinks, I perceive
thro' the Gloom, the charming *Calia*, the
Mistress of my Wishes, who wanders impati-
ent thro' the Grove, and preventing the ap-
pointed Hour, silently chides my tardy Steps.
But the Joy, which she receives from my Pre-
sence, best pleads my Excuse; and, dissipat-
ing every anxious and every angry Thought,
leaves

leaves Room for nought but mutual Joy and Rapture. With what Words, my fair one, shall I express my Tenderneſs, or deſcribe the Emotions which now warm my tranſported Boſom! Words are too faint to deſcribe my Love; and if, alas! you feel not the ſame Flame within you, in vain ſhall I endeavour to convey to you a juſt Conception of it. But your every Word and every Motion ſuffice to remove this Doubt; and while they expreſs your Paſſion, ſerve alſo to enſlave mine. How amiable this Solitude, this Silence, this Darkneſs! No Objects now importune the raviſh'd Soul. The Thought, the Senſe, all full of nothing but our mutual Happineſs, do wholly poſſeſs the Mind, and convey a Pleaſure, which deluded Mortals vainly ſeek for in every other Enjoyment.————

BUT why, after our tumultuous Joys, does your Boſom heave with theſe Sighs, while Tears bathe your glowing Cheeks? Why diſtract your Heart with ſuch vain Anxieties? Why ſo often ask me, *How long my Love ſhall yet endure?* Alas, my Calia, can I reſolve this Queſtion? *Do I know how long my Life ſhall*

yet

yet endure? But does this also disturb your tender Breast? And is the Image of our frail Mortality for ever present with you, to throw a Damp on your gayest Hours, and poison even those Joys which Love inspires. Consider rather, that if Life be frail, if Youth be transitory, we shou'd well employ the present Moment, and lose no Part of so perishable an Existence. Yet a little Moment, and *these* shall be no more. We shall be, as if we had never been. Not a Memory of us be left upon Earth; and even the fabulous Shades below will not afford us a Habitation. Our fruitless Anxieties, our vain Projects, our uncertain Speculations shall all be swallow'd up and lost. Our present Doubts, concerning the original Cause of all Things, must never, alas! be resolv'd. This alone we may be certain of, that if any governing Mind preside over the Universe, he must be pleas'd to see us fulfil the Ends of our Being, and enjoy that Pleasure, for which alone we were created. Let this Reflection give Ease to your anxious Thoughts; but do not render your Joys too serious, by dwelling for ever upon it. 'Tis sufficient, once for all, to be acquainted with this Philosophy, in order

to give an unbounded Loose to Love and Jollity, and remove all the Scruples of a vain Superstition: But while Youth and Passion, my Fair-one, prompt our eager Desires, we must find gayer Subjects of Discourse, to intermix with these amorous Caresses.

ESSAY

ESSAY VII.

The STOIC †.

THERE is this obvious and material Difference in the Conduct of Nature, with Regard to Man and other Animals, that having endow'd the former with a sublime celestial Spirit, and having given him an Affinity with superior Beings, she allows not such noble Faculties to ly lethargic or idle; but urges him, by Necessity, to employ, on every Emergence, his utmost *Art* and *Industry*. Brute Creatures have many of their Necessities supply'd by Nature, being cloath'd and arm'd by this beneficent Parent of all Things: And where their own *Industry* is requisite on any Occasion, Nature, by implanting Instincts, still supplies them with the *Art*, and guides them to their Good, by her unerring Precepts. But Man, expos'd naked and indigent to the rude Elements, rises slowly from that helpless State, by the Care and

Vigi,

† Or the Man of Action and Virtue.

Vigilance of his Parents; and having attain'd his utmost Growth and Perfection, reaches only a Capacity of subsisting, by his own Care and Vigilance. Every Thing is sold to Skill and Labour; and where Nature furnishes the Materials, they are still rude and unfinish'd, till Industry, ever active and intelligent, refines them from their brute State, and fits them for human Use and Convenience.

ACKNOWLEDGE, therefore, O Man, the Beneficence of Nature: For she has given thee that Intelligence which supplies all thy Necessities. But let not Indolence, under the false Appearance of Gratitude, persuade thee to rest contented with her Presents. Wou'd'st thou return to the raw Herbage for thy Food, to the open Sky for thy Covering, and to Stones and Clubs for thy Defence against the revenous Animals of the Desert? Then return also to thy savage Manners, to thy timorous Superstition, to thy brutal Ignorance; and sink thyself below those Animals, whose Condition thou admirest, and wou'd'st so fondly imitate.

THY

THY kind Parent, Nature, having given thee Art and Intelligence, has fill'd the whole Globe with Materials for these Talents to work upon: Harken to her Voice, which so plainly tells thee, that thou thyself thou'd'st also be the Object of thy Industry, and that by Art and Attention thou can'st alone acquire that Ability, which will raise thee to thy proper Station in the Universe. Behold this Artizan, who converts a rude and shapeless Stone into a noble Metal; and molding that Metal by his cunning Hands, creates, as it were by Magic, every Weapon for his Defence, and every Utensil for his Convenience. He has not this Skill from Nature: Use and Practice have taught it him: And if thou wou'd'st emulate his Success, thou must follow his laborious Footsteps.

BUT while thou *ambitiously* aspirest to the perfecting thy bodily Powers and Faculties, wou'd'st thou *meanly* neglect thy Mind, and from a preposterous Sloth, leave it still rude and uncultivated, as it came from the Hands of Nature? Far be such Folly and Negligence from every rational Being. If Nature has been frugal in her Gifts and Endowments, there
is

is the more Need of Art to supply her Defects. If she has been generous and liberal, know that she still expects Industry and Application on our Part, and revenges herself in Proportion to our negligent Ingratitude. The richest Genius, like the most fertile Soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest Weeds; and instead of Vines and Olives for the Pleasure and Use of Man, produces to its slothful Owner the most abundant Crop of Poisons.

THE great End of all human Industry, is the Attainment of Happiness. For this were Arts invented, Sciences cultivated, Laws ordain'd, and Societies modell'd, by the profoundest Wisdom of Patriots and Legislators. Even the lonely Savage, who lyes expos'd to the Inclemency of the Elements, and the Fury of wild Beasts, forgets not, for a Moment, this grand Object of his Being. Ignorant as he is of every Art of Life, he keeps still in View the End of all those Arts, and eagerly seeks for Felicity amidst that Darkness with which he is environ'd. But as much as the wildest Savage is inferior to the polish'd Citizen, who under the Protection of Laws enjoys every Convenience that Industry has invented;

vented; so much is this Citizen himself inferior to the Man of Virtue, and the true Philosopher, who governs his Appetites, subdues his Passions, and has learn'd, from Reason, to set a just Value on every Pursuit and Enjoyment. For is there an Art and Apprenticeship requisite for every other Attainment? And is there no Art of Life, no Rule, no Precepts to direct us in this principal Concern? Can no particular Pleasure be attain'd without Skill; and can the Whole be regulated without Reflection or Intelligence, by the blind Guidance of Appetite and Instinct? Surely then no Mistakes are ever committed in this Affair; but every Man, however dissolute and negligent, proceeds in the Pursuit of Happiness, with as unerring a Motion, as that which the celestial Bodies observe, when, conducted by the Hand of the Almighty, they roll along the ethereal Plains. But if Mistakes be often, be inevitably committed, let us register these Mistakes; let us consider their Causes; let us weigh their Importance; let us enquire for their Remedies. When from this we have fix'd all the Rules of Conduct, we are *Philosophers*: When we have reduc'd these Rules to Practice, we are *Sages*.

LIKE

LIKE many subordinate Artists, employ'd to form the several Wheels and Springs of a Machine: Such are those who excel in all the particular Arts of Life. He is the Master-Workman, who puts those several Parts together, moves them according to just Harmony and Proportion, and produces true Felicity, as the Result of their conspiring Order.

WHILE you have such an alluring Object in View, Shall that Labour and Attention, which is requisite to the attaining your End, ever seem burdensome and intolerable? Know, that this Labour itself is the chief Ingredient of the Felicity to which you aspire, and that every Enjoyment soon becomes insipid and distasteful, when not acquir'd by Travel and Fatigue. See the hardy Hunters rise from their downy Couches, shake off the Slumbers that still weigh down their heavy Eye-lids, and, e'er *Aurora* has yet cover'd the Heavens with her flaming Mantle, hasten to the Forrest. They leave behind, in their own Houses, and in the neighbouring Plains, Animals of every Kind, whose Flesh furnishes the most delicious Fare, and which offer themselves to the fatal Stroke. Laborious Man disdains so
easy

easy a Purchase. He seeks for a Prey, that hides itself from his Search, or flies from his Pursuit, or defends itself from his Violence. Having exerted in the Chace every Passion of the Mind, and every Member of the Body, he then finds the Charms of Repose, and with Joy compares its Pleasures to those of his engaging Labours.

AND can vigorous Industry give Pleasure to the Pursuit even of the most worthless Prey, which frequently escapes our Toils? And cannot the same Industry render the Cultivation of our Mind, the moderating of our Passions, the enlightening of our Reason, an agreeable Occupation; while we are every Day sensible of our Progress, and behold our inward Features and Countenance brightening incessantly with new Charms? Begin by curing yourself of this lethargic Indolence; the Task is not difficult: You need but taste the Sweets of honest Labour. Proceed to learn the just Value of every Pursuit; Long Study is not requisite: Compare, tho' but for once, the Mind to the Body, Virtue to Fortune, and Glory to Pleasure, you will then perceive the Advantages of Industry: You will then be

sensible what are the proper Objects of your Industry.

IN vain do you seek Repose from Beds of Roses: In vain do you hope for Enjoyment from the most delicious Wines and Fruits. Your Indolence itself becomes a Fatigue: Your Pleasure itself creates Disgust. The Mind, unexercis'd, finds every Delight insipid and loathsome; and e'er yet the Body, full of noxious Humours, feels the Torment of its multiply'd Diseases, your nobler Part is sensible of the iuvading Poison, and seeks in vain to relieve its Anxiety by new Pleasures, which still augment the fatal Malady.

I NEED not tell you, that by this eager Pursuit of Pleasure, you more and more expose yourself to Fortune and Accidents, and rivet your Affections on external Objects, which Chance may, in a Moment, ravish from you. I shall suppose, that your indulgent Stars favour you still with the Enjoyment of your Riches and Possessions. I prove to you, that even in the midst of your luxurious Pleasures, you are unhappy; and that, by too much Indulgence,

dulgence, you are incapable of enjoying what prosperous Fortune still allows you to possess.

BUT surely the Instability of Fortune is a Consideration not to be overlook'd or neglected. Happiness cannot possibly exist, where there is no Security; and Security can have no Place, where Fortune has any Dominion. Tho' that unstable Deity shou'd not exert her Rage against you, the Dread of it wou'd still torment you; wou'd disturb your Slumbers, haunt your Dreams, and throw a Damp on the Jollity of your most delicious Banquets.

THE Temple of Wisdom is seated on a Rock, above the Rage of the fighting Elements, and inaccessible to all the Malice of Man. The rolling Thunder breaks below; and those more terrible Instruments of human Fury reach not to so sublime a Height. The Sage, while he breathes that serene Air, looks down with Pleasure, mixt with Compassion, on the Errors of mistaken Mortals, who blindly seek for the true Path of Life, and pursue Riches, Nobility, Honour, or Power for genuine Felicity. The greatest Part he beholds disappointed of their fond Wishes: Some lament, that
having

having once possess'd the Object of their Desires, it is ravish'd from them by envious Fortune: And all complain, that even their own Vows, tho' granted, cannot give them Happiness, or relieve the Anxiety of their distracted Minds.

BUT does the Sage preserve himself always in this philosophic Indifference, and rest contented with lamenting the Miseries of Mankind, without ever employing himself for their Relief? Does he constantly indulge this severe Wisdom, which, by pretending to elevate him above human Accidents, does in Reality harden his Heart, and render him careless of the Interests of Mankind, and of Society? No: he knows, that in this sullen *Apathy*, neither true Wisdom nor true Happiness is to be found. He feels too strongly the Charm of the social Affections ever to counteract so sweet, so natural, so virtuous a Propensity. Even when, bath'd in Tears, he laments the Miseries of human Race, of his Country, of his Friends, and unable to give Succour, can only relieve them by Compassion; he yet rejoices in the generous Disposition, and feels a Satisfaction superior to that of the most indulg'd Sense.

So

So engaging are the Sentiments of Humanity, that they brighten up the very Face of Sorrow, and operate like the Sun, which shining on a dusky Cloud or falling Rain, paints on them the most glorious Colours that are to be found in the whole Circle of Nature.

BUT 'tis not here alone, that the social Virtues display their Energy. With whatever Ingredient you mix them, they are still predominant. As Sorrow cannot overcome them, so neither can sensual Pleasure obscure them. The Joys of Love, however furious and tumultuous, banish not the tender Sentiments of Sympathy and Affection. They even derive their chief Influence from that generous Passion; and when presented alone, afford nothing to the unhappy Mind but Lassitude and Disgust. Behold this sprightly Debauchee, who professes a Contempt of all other Pleasures but those of Wine and Jollity: Separate him from his Companions, like a Spark from a Fire, where before it contributed to the general Blaze: His Alacrity suddenly extinguishes; and tho' surrounded with every other Means of Delight, he lothes the sumptuous Banquet, and prefers even the most abstract
Study

Study and Speculation, as more agreeable and entertaining.

BUT the social Passions never afford such transporting Pleasures, or make so glorious an Appearance in the Eyes both of GOD and Man, as when, shaking off every earthly Mixture, they associate themselves with the Sentiments of Virtue, and prompt us to laudable and worthy Actions. As harmonious Colours mutually give and receive a Lustre by their friendly Union; so do these ennobling Sentiments of the human Mind. See the Triumph of Nature in parental Affection! What selfish Passion; what sensual Delights are a Match for it! Whether a Man exults in the Prosperity and Virtue of his Offspring, or flies to their Succour, thro' the most threatening and tremendous Dangers?

PROCEED still in purifying the generous Passion, you will still the more admire its shining Glories. What Charms are there in the Harmony of Minds, and in a Friendship founded on mutual Esteem and Gratitude! What Satisfaction in relieving the distressed, in comforting the afflicted, in raising the fallen, and in stopping the Career of cruel Fortune,

or

or of more cruel Man, in their Insults over the good and virtuous! But what supreme Joy in the Victories over Vice as well as Misery, when, by virtuous Example or wise Exhortation, our Fellow-creatures are taught to govern their Passions, reform their Vices, and subdue their worst Enemies, which inhabit within their own Bosoms!

BUT these Objects are still too limited for the human Mind, which, being of celestial Origin, swells with the divinest and most enlarg'd Affections, and carrying its Attention beyond Kindred and Acquaintance, extends its benevolent Wishes to the most distant Posterity. It views Liberty and Laws as the Source of human Happiness, and devotes itself, with the utmost Alacrity, to their Guardianship and Protection. Toils, Dangers, Death itself carry their Charms, when we brave them for the public Good, and ennoble that Being, which we generously sacrifice for the Interests of our Country. Happy the Man, whom indulgent Fortune allows to pay to Virtue what he owes to Nature, and to make a generous Gift of what must otherwise be ravish'd from him by cruel Necessity.

IN

IN the true Sage and Patriot are united whatever can distinguish human Nature, or elevate mortal Man to a Resemblance with the Divinity. The softest Benevolence, the most undaunted Resolution, the tenderest Sentiments, the most sublime Love of Virtue, all these animate successively his transported Bosom. What Satisfaction, when he looks within, to find the most turbulent Passions turn'd into just Harmony and Concord, and every jarring Sound banish'd from this enchanting Music! If the Contemplation, even of inanimate Beauty, be so delightful; if it ravishes the Senses, even when it appears in foreign Objects: What must be the Effects of moral Beauty? And what Influence must it have, when it embellishes our own Mind, and is the Result of our own Reflection and Industry?

BUT where is the Reward of Virtue? And what Recompence has Nature provided for such important Sacrifices, as those of Life and Fortune, which we must often make to it? Oh, Sons of Earth! Are you ignorant of the Value of this celestial Mistress? And do you meanly enquire for her Portion, when you observe her genuine Charms? But know, that
Nature

Nature has been indulgent to human Weakness, and has not left this Favourite-child naked and unendow'd. She has provided Virtue of the richest Dowry; but being careful, lest the Allurements of Interest shou'd engage such Suitors, as were insensible of the native Worth of so divine a Beauty, she has wisely provided, that this Dowry can have no Charms but in the Eyes of those who are already transported with the Love of Virtue. GLORY is the Portion of Virtue, the sweet Reward of honourable Toils, the triumphant Crown, that covers the thoughtful Head of the disinterested Patriot, or the dusty Brow of the victorious Warrior. Elevate by so sublime a Prize, the Man of Virtue looks down with Contempt on all the Allurements of Pleasure, and all the Menaces of Danger. Death itself loses its Terrors, when he considers, that its Dominion extends only over a Part of him, and that, in Spite of Death and Time, the Rage of the Elements, and the endless Vicissitude of human Affairs he is assur'd of an immortal Fame among all the Sons of Men.

THERE surely is a Being that presides over the Universe; and, with infinite Wisdom and

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Power,

Power, has reduc'd the jarring Elements into just Order and Proportion. Let speculative Reasoners dispute, how far this beneficent Being extends his Care of Virtue, and whether he prolongs our Existence to a future State, in order to bestow on it its just Reward, and render it fully triumphant. The Man of Virtue, without deciding any Thing on so dubious a Subject, is satisfy'd with that Portion which is mark'd out to him by the supreme Disposer of all Things. Gratefully he accepts of that farther Reward prepar'd for him; but if disappointed, he thinks not Virtue an empty Name; but justly esteeming it to be its own Reward, he gratefully acknowledges the Bounty of his Creator, who by calling him forth into Existence, has thereby afforded him an Opportunity of once acquiring so invaluable a Possession.

ESSAY VIII.

The PLATONIST †.

TO some Philosophers it appears Matter of Surprize, that all Mankind, possessing the same Nature, and being endow'd with the same Faculties, shou'd yet differ so widely in their Pursuits and Inclinations, and that one shou'd utterly condemn what is fondly sought after by another. To some it appears Matter of still more Surprize, that Man shou'd differ so widely from himself at different Times; and, after Possession, reject with Disdain what, before, was the Object of all his Vows and Wishes. To me this feverish Uncertainty and Irresolution, in human Conduct, seems altogether unavoidable; nor can a rational Soul, made for the Contemplation of the supreme Being, and of his Works, ever enjoy Tranquillity or Satisfaction, while detain'd in the ignoble Pursuits
of

† Or, the Man of Contemplation and *Philosophical* Devotion.

of sensual Pleasure or popular Applause. The Divinity is a boundless Ocean of Bliss and Glory: Human Minds are smaller Streams, which, arising at first from this Ocean, seek still, amid all their Wanderings, to return to it, and to lose themselves in that Immensity of Perfection. When check'd in this natural Course, by Vice or Folly, they become furious and enrag'd; and, swelling to a Torrent, do then spread Horror and Devastation on the neighbouring Plains.

IN vain, by pompous Phrase and passionate Expressions, does each recommend his own Pursuit, and invite the credulous Hearers to an Imitation of his Life and Manners. The Heart belies the Countenance, and sensibly feels, even amid the highest Success, the unsatisfactory Nature of all those Pleasures, which detain it from its true Object. I examine the voluptuous Man before Enjoyment; I measure the Vehemence of his Desire, and the Importance of his Object; I find that all his Happiness proceeds only from that Hurry of Thought which takes him from himself, and turns his View from his Guilt and Misery. I consider him a Moment after; he has now
enjoy'd

enjoy'd the Pleasure, which he fondly sought after. The Sense of his Guilt and Misery returns upon him with double Anguish: His Mind tormented with Fear and Remorse; his Body depress'd with Disgust and Satiety.

BUT a more august, at least, a more haughty Personage presents himself boldly to our Censure; and, assuming the Title of a Philosopher and Man of Morals, offers to submit to the most rigid Examination. He challenges, with a visible, tho' conceal'd Impatience, our Approbation and Applause; and seems offended, that we shou'd hesitate a Moment before we break out into Admiration of his Virtue. Seeing this Impatience, I hesitate still more: I begin to examine the Motives of his seeming Virtue: But behold! e'er I can enter upon this Enquiry, he flings himself from me; and addressing his Discourse to that Crowd of heedless Auditors, fondly abuses them by his magnificent Pretensions.

O PHILOSOPHER! thy Wisdom is vain, and thy Virtue unprofitable. Thou seekest the ignorant Applauses of Men, not the solid Reflections of thy own Conscience, or the more
solid

solid Approbation of that Being, who, with one Regard of his all-seeing Eye, penetrates the Universe. Thou surely art conscious of the Hollowness of thy pretended Probity, whilst calling thyself a Citizen, a Son, a Friend, thou forgettest thy higher Sovereign, thy true Father, thy greatest Benefactor. Where is the Adoration due to such infinite Perfection, whence every Thing good and valuable is deriv'd? Where is the Gratitude, due to thy Creator, who call'd thee forth from nothing, who plac'd thee in all these Relations to thy Fellow-Creatures, and requiring thee to fulfil the Duty of each Relation, forbids thee to neglect what thou owest to himself, the most perfect Being, to whom thou art connected by the closest Tye?

BUT thou art thyself thy own Idol: Thou worshippest thy *imaginary* Perfections: Or rather, sensible of thy *real* Imperfections, thou seekest only to deceive the World, and to please thy Fancy, by multiplying thy ignorant Admirers. Thus not contented with neglecting what is most excellent in the Universe, thou desirest to substitute in his Place what is most vile and contemptible.

CON:

CONSIDER all the Works of Mens Hands; all the Inventions of human Wit, in which thou affectest so nice a Discernment: Thou wilt find, that the most perfect Production still proceeds from the most perfect Thought, and that 'tis MIND alone, which we admire, while we bestow our Applause on the Graces of a well-proportion'd Statue, or the Symmetry of a noble Pile. The Statuary, the Architect comes still in View, and makes us reflect on the Beauty of his Art and Contrivance, which, from a Heap of unform'd Matter, cou'd extract such Expressions and Proportions. This superior Beauty of Thought and Intelligence thou thyself acknowledgest, while thou invitest us to contemplate, in thy Conduct, the Harmony of Affections, the Dignity of Sentiments, and all those Graces of a Mind, which chiefly merit our Attention. But why stoppest thou short? Seest thou nothing farther that is valuable? Amid thy rapturous Applauses of Beauty and Order, art thou still ignorant where the most consummate Beauty, the most perfect Order, is to be found? Compare the Works of Art with those of Nature. The one are but an Imitation of the other. The nearer Art approaches to Nature, the more perfect

perfect is it esteem'd. But still, how wide are its nearest Approaches, and what an immense Interval may be observ'd betwixt them? Art copies only the outside of Nature, leaving the inward and more admirable Springs and Principles; as exceeding her Imitation, as beyond her Comprehension. Art copies only the minute Productions of Nature, despairing to reach that Grandeur and Magnificence, which are so astonishing in the masterly Works of her Original. Can we then be so blind, as not to discover a Mind and a Design in the exquisite and in the stupenduous Contrivance of the Universe? Can we be so stupid, as not to feel the warmest Raptures of Worship and Adoration, upon the Contemplation of that Mind, so infinitely good and wise?

THE most perfect Happiness, surely, must arise from the Contemplation of the most perfect Object. But what is more perfect than Beauty and Virtue? And where is Beauty to be found equal to that of the Universe? Or Virtue, which can be compar'd to the Benevolence and Justice of the Deity? If aught can diminish the Pleasure of this Contemplation, it must be either the Narrowness of our Faculties,

Faculties, which conceals from us the greatest Part of these Beauties and Perfections; or the Shortness of our Lives, which allows not Time sufficient to instruct us in them. But 'tis our Comfort, that if we imploy worthily the Faculties here assign'd us, they will be enlarg'd in another State of Existence, so as to render us more suitable Worshipers of our Maker: And that the Task, which can never be finished in Time, will be the Business of an Eternity.

Facilities, which conduce to the growth
Part of the business and the growth
Growth of our lives, which allow us to live
insufficient to meet us in them. But we can
Conduct, that if we improve ourselves the
others here should not they will be enlarged
in another state of existence, it is to render
us more valuable to the world of our fellow
And that the Task which can never be done
And in fact, will be the business of an hour.

ESSAY IX.

The SCEPTIC.

I HAVE long entertain'd a great Suspicion, with regard to the Decisions of Philosophers upon all Subjects, and found in myself a greater Inclination to dispute, than assent to their Conclusions; there is one Mistake, to which they seem to be liable, almost without Exception; they confine too much their Principles, and make no Account of that vast Variety, which Nature has so much affected in all her Operations. When a Philosopher has once laid hold of a favourite Principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural Effects, he will extend the same Principle over the whole Creation, and reduce to it every Phænomenon, tho' by the most violent and absurd Reasoning. Our own Mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our Conception to the Variety and Extent of Nature; but imagine, that she is as much bound-

ed in her Operations, as we are in our Speculations.

BUT if ever this Infirmary of Philosophers is to be suspected on any Occasion, 'tis in their Reasonings concerning human Life, and the Methods of attaining Happiness. In that Case, they are led astray, not only by the Narrowness of their Understandings, but also by that of their Passions. Almost every one has a predominant Inclination, to which all his other Desires and Affections submit, and which governs him, tho', perhaps, with some Intervals, thro' the whole Course of his Life. 'Tis difficult for him to apprehend, that any Thing which appears totally indifferent to him, can ever give Enjoyment to any Person, or can possess Charms, which altogether escape his Observation. His own Pursuits are always, in his Account, the most engaging: The Objects of his Passion, the most valuable: And the Road he pursues, the only one that leads to Happiness.

BUT wou'd these prejudic'd Reasoners reflect a Moment, there are many obvious Instances and Arguments, sufficient to undeceive

ceive them, and make them enlarge their Maxims and Principles. Do they not see the vast Variety of Inclinations and Pursuits among Mankind, where each seems fully satisfy'd with his own Course of Life, and wou'd esteem it the greatest Unhappiness to be confin'd to that of his Neighbour? Do they not feel in themselves, that what pleases at one Time, displeases at another, by the Change of Inclination; and that it is not in their Power, by their utmost Efforts, to recal that Taste or Appetite, which formerly bestow'd Charms on what now appears indifferent or disagreeable? What is the Meaning therefore of those general Preferences of the Town or Country-life, of a Life of Action or one of Pleasure, of Retirement or Society; when, besides the different Inclinations of different Men, every one's Experience may convince him, that each of these Kinds of Life is agreeable in its Turn, and that their Variety or their judicious Mixture, does chiefly contribute to the rendering all of them agreeable.

BUT shall this Business be allow'd to go altogether at Adventures? And must a Man consult only his Humour and Inclination, in order

der to determine his Course of Life, without ever employing his Reason, to inform him what Road is preferable, and leads most surely to Happiness? Is there no Difference then betwixt one Man's Conduct and another?

I ANSWER, There is a great Difference. One Man, following his Inclinations, in chusing his Course of Life, may imploy much surer Means for succeeding than another, who is led by his Inclination into the same Course of Life, and pursues the same Object. *Are Riches the chief Object of your Desires?* Acquire Skill in your Profession; be diligent in the Exercise of it; and enlarge the Circle of your Friends and Acquaintance; avoid Pleasure and Expence, and never be generous, but with a View of gaining more than you cou'd save by Frugality. *Wou'd you acquire the public Esteem?* Guard equally against the Extremes of Arrogance and Fawning. Let it appear that you set a Value upon yourself, but without despising others. If you fall into either of the Extremes, you either provoke Mens Pride by your Insolence, or teach them to despise you by your timorous Submission, and

and by the mean Opinion you seem to entertain of yourself.

THESE, you say, are the Maxims of common Prudence and Discretion; what every Parent inculcates on his Child, and what every Man of Sense pursues in the Course of Life, which he has chosen to himself.---What is it then you desire more? Do you come to a Philosopher, as to a *cunning Man*, to learn something by Magic or Witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common Prudence and Discretion?---Yes; we come to a Philosopher to be instructed, How we shall chuse our Ends, more than the Means for attaining these Ends: We want to know, what Desires we shall satisfy, what Passions we shall comply with, what Appetites we shall indulge. As to the rest, we trust to common Sense, and the general Maxims of the World, for our Instruction.

I AM sorry, then, I have pretended to be a Philosopher: For I find your Questions very perplexing; and am in Danger, if my Answer be too rigid and severe, of passing for a Pedant and Scholastic; if it be too easy and free,
of

of being taken for a Preacher of Vice and Immorality. However, to satisfy you, I shall deliver my Opinion upon the Matter, and only desire you to esteem it of as little Consequence as I do myself. By that Means you will neither think it worthy of your Ridicule nor your Anger.

IF we can depend upon any Principle, which we learn from Philosophy, this, I think, may be consider'd as certain and undoubted, That there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that these Attributes arise from the particular Constitution and Fabric of human Sentiments and Affections. What seems the most delicious Food to one Animal, appears loathsome to another: What affects the feeling of one with Delight, produces Uneasiness to another. This is confessedly the Case with Regard to all the bodily Senses: But if we examine the Matter more accurately, we shall find, that the same Observation holds even where the Mind concurs with the Body, and mingles its Sentiments with the exterior Appetites.

DESIRE

DESIRE this passionate Lover to give you a Character of his Mistress : He will tell you, that he is at a Loss for Words to describe her Charms, and will ask you very seriously, If ever you was acquainted with a Goddess or an Angel ? If you answer, that you never was : He will then say, That 'tis impossible for you to form a Conception of such divine Beauties as those his Charmer possesses ; so complete a Shape ; such proportion'd Features ; so engaging an Air ; such a Sweetness of Disposition ; such Gaiety of Humour. You can infer nothing, however, from all this Discourse, but that the poor Man is in Love ; and that the general Appetite betwixt the Sexes, which Nature has infus'd into all Animals, is in him determin'd to a particular Object by some Qualities, which gave him Pleasure. The same divine Creature, not only to a different Animal, but also to a different Man, appears a mere mortal Being, and is beheld with the utmost Indifference.

NATURE has given all Animals a like Prejudice in Favour of their Offspring. As soon as the helpless Infant sees the Light, tho' in every other Eye it appears a despicable and a miserable Creature, it is regarded by its fond

Parents with the utmost Affection, and is prefer'd to every other Object, however perfect or accomplish'd. The Passion alone, arising from the original Structure and Formation of human Nature, bestows a Value on the most insignificant Object.

WE may push the same Observation further, and may conclude, that even when the Mind operates alone, and feeling the Sentiments of Blame or Approbation, pronounces one Object to be deform'd and odious, another beautiful and amiable; I say, that even in that Case, these Qualities are not really in the Objects, but belong entirely to the Sentiments of that Mind which blames or praises. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this Proposition evident, and as it were, palpable, to negligent Thinkers; because Nature is more uniform in the Sentiments of the Mind than in most Feelings of the Body, and produces a nearer Resemblance in the inward than in the outward Part of human Kind. There are somewhat like Principles in mental Taste; and Critics can reason and dispute much more plausibly than Cooks or Perfumers. This Subject would require a separate Examination. In the mean
Time

Time we may observe, That this Uniformity among human Kind hinders not, but that there is a considerable Diversity in the Sentiments of Beauty and Worth, and that Education, Custom, Prejudice, Caprice, and Humour do frequently vary our Taste of this Kind. You will never convince a Man, who is not accusom'd to *Italian* Music, and has not an Ear to follow its Intricacies, that a *Scotch* Tune is not preferable. You have not even any single Argument, beyond your own Taste, which you can imploy in your Behalf: And to your Adversary, his particular Taste will always appear a much more convincing Argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow, that the other may be in the right; and having many other Instances of this Diversity of Taste, you will both confess, that Beauty and Worth are merely of a relative Nature, and consist in an agreeable Sentiment produc'd by an Object on a particular Mind, according to the peculiar Structure and Constitution of that Mind.

By this Diversity of Sentiment, observable in human Kind, Nature has, perhaps, intended to make us sensible of her Authority, and
let

let us see what surprising Changes she cou'd produce on the Passions and Desires of Mankind, merely by the Change of their inward Fabric, without any Alteration on the Objects. The Vulgar may even be convinc'd by this Argument: But Men accusom'd to thinking may draw a more convincing, at least a more general Argument, from the very Nature of the Subject.

IN that Operation, which we call Reasoning, the Mind does nothing but run over its Objects, as they are suppos'd to stand in Reality, without adding any Thing to them, or diminishing any Thing from them. If I examine the *Ptolomean* and *Copernican* Systems, I endeavour only, by my Enquiries, to know the real Situation of the Planets; that is, in other Words, I endeavour to give them, in my Mind or Conception, the same Relations as they bear towards each other in the Heavens. To this Operation of the Mind, therefore, there seems to be always a real, tho' often an unknown Standard, in the Nature of Things; nor is Truth or Falshood variable by the various Apprehensions of Mankind. Tho' all human Race shou'd for ever conclude, that

that the Sun moves, and the Earth remains at rest, the Sun stirs not an Inch from his Place for all these Reasonings; and such Conclusions are eternally false and erroneous.

BUT the Case is not the same with the Qualities of *beautiful and deform'd, desirable and odious*, as with Truth and Falshood. In the former Case, the Mind is not contented with merely surveying its Objects, as they stand in themselves: It also feels a Sentiment of Delight or Uneasiness, Approbation or Blame, consequent to that Survey; and this Sentiment determines it to pronounce the Object *beautiful or deform'd, desirable or odious*. Now, 'tis evident, that this Sentiment must depend upon the particular Fabric or Structure of the Mind, which enables such particular Objects to operate in such a particular Manner, and produces a Sympathy or Conformity betwixt the Mind and the Objects. Vary the Structure of the Mind or inward Organs, the Sentiment no longer follows, tho' the Objects remain the same. The Sentiment being different from the Object, and arising from the Operation of the Object upon the Organs of the Mind, an Alteration in any of these Particulars must vary
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the Effect, nor can the same Object, presented to a Mind totally different, produce the same Sentiment.

THIS Conclusion every one is apt to form of himself, without much Philosophy, where the Sentiment is evidently distinguishable from the Object. Who is not sensible, that Power, and Glory, and Vengeance, are not desirable of themselves, but derive all their Value from the Structure of human Passions, which begets a Desire for such particular Objects? But with regard to Beauty, either natural or moral, the Case is commonly suppos'd to be different. The agreeable Quality is thought to ly in the Object, not in the Sentiment; and that merely because the Sentiment is not so turbulent and violent as to distinguish itself, in an evident Manner, from the Perception of the Object.

BUT a very little Reflection suffices to distinguish them.. A Man may know exactly all the Circles and Ellipses of the *Copernican* System, and all the irregular Spirals of the *Ptolemaean*, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. *Euclid* has ve-

ry fully explain'd all the Qualities of the Circle, but has not, in any Proposition, said a Word of its Beauty. The Reason is evident. The Beauty is not a Quality of the Circle. It lyes not in any Part of the Line, *whose* Parts are all equally distant from a common Center. It is only the Effect, which that Figure operates upon the Mind, *whose* particular Fabric or Structure renders it susceptible of such Sentiments. In vain wou'd you look for it in the Circle, or seek it, either by your Senses, or by mathematical Reasonings, in all the Properties of that Figure.

THE Mathematician, who took no Pleasure in reading *Virgil*, but that of examining *Æneas's* Voyage by the Map, might understand perfectly the Meaning of every *Latin* Word, imploy'd by that divine Author; and consequently, might have a distinct Idea of the whole Narration. He wou'd even have a more distinct Idea of it, than they cou'd have who had not study'd so exactly the Geography of the Poem. He knew, therefore, every Thing in the Poem: But he was ignorant of its Beauty; because the Beauty, properly speaking, lyes not in the Poem, but in the Sentiment

ment or Taste of the Reader. And where a Man has no such Sensibility of Temper, as to make him feel this Sentiment, he must be ignorant of the Beauty, tho' he be possess'd of all the Science and Understanding of an Angel †.

THE Inference from all this is, That it is not from the Value or Worth of the Object, which any Person pursues, that we can determine his Enjoyment, but merely from the Passion with which he pursues it, and the Success

† Were I not afraid of appearing too philosophical, I wou'd remind my Reader of that famous Doctrine, suppos'd to be fully prov'd in modern Times, *That Tastes and Colours, and all other sensible Qualities, ly not in the Bodies, but merely in the Senses.* The Case is the same with Beauty and Deformity, Virtue and Vice. This Doctrine, however, takes off no more from the Reality of the latter Qualities, than from that of the former; nor need it give any Umbrage either to Critics or Moralists. Tho' Colours were allow'd to ly only in the Eye, wou'd Dyers or Painters ever be less regarded or esteem'd? There is a sufficient Uniformity in the Senses and Feelings of Mankind, to make all these Qualities the Objects of Art and Reasoning, and to have the greatest Influence on Life and Manners. And as 'tis certain, that the Discovery above-mention'd in natural Philosophy, makes no Alteration on Action and Conduct; Why shou'd a like Discovery in moral Philosophy make any Alteration?

Success he meets with in his Pursuit. Objects have absolutely no Worth or Value in themselves. They derive their Worth merely from the Passion. If that be strong, and steady, and successful, the Person is happy. It cannot reasonably be doubted, but a little Miss, dressed in a new Gown for a Dancing-School Ball, receives as compleat Enjoyment as the greatest Orator, who triumphs in the Splendor of his Eloquence, while he governs the Passions and Resolutions of a numerous Assembly.

ALL the Difference, therefore, betwixt one Man and another, with regard to Life, consists either in the *Passion*, or in the *Enjoyment*: And these Differences are sufficient to produce the wide Extremes of Happiness and Misery.

To be happy, the *Passions* must neither be too violent, nor too remiss. In the first Case, the Mind is in a perpetual Hurry and Fluster; in the second, it sinks into a disagreeable Indolence and Lethargy.

To be happy, the *Passions* must be benign and social; not rough or fierce. The Affecti-

ons of the latter Kind are not near so agreeable, to the Feeling, as those of the former. Who will compare Rancour and Animosity, Envy and Revenge, to Friendship, Benignity, Clemency and Gratitude?

To be happy, the Passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A Propensity to Hope and Joy is real Riches: One to Fear and Sorrow, real Poverty.

SOME Passions or Inclinations, in the *Enjoyment* of their Object, are not so steady or constant as others, nor convey such a durable Pleasure and Satisfaction. *Philosophical Devotion*, for Instance, like the Enthusiasm of a Poet, is the transitory Effect of high Spirits, great Leisure, a fine Genius, and a Habit of Study and Contemplation: But notwithstanding all these Circumstances, an abstracted, invisible Object, like that which *natural* Religion alone presents to us, cannot long actuate the Mind, or be of any Moment in Life. To render the Passion of Continuance, we must find some Method of affecting the Senses and Imagination, and must embrace some *historical* as well as *philosophical* Accounts of the
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Divinity. Popular Superstitions and Observances are even found to be of Use in this Particular.

THO' the Tempers of Men be very different, yet we may safely pronounce in general, that a Life of Pleasure cannot support itself so long as one of Business, but is much more subject to Satiety and Disgust. The Amusements, which are the most durable, have all a Mixture of Application and Attention in them; such as Gaming and Hunting. And in general, Business and Action fill up all the great Vacancies of human Life.

BUT where the Temper is the best dispos'd for any *Enjoyment*, the Object is often wanting: And in this respect, the Passions, which pursue *external* Objects, do not contribute so much to Happiness, as those which rest in ourselves; since we are neither so certain of attaining such Objects, nor so secure of possessing them. A Passion for Learning is preferable, with regard to Happiness, to one for Riches.

SOME

SOME Men are posselt of great Strength of Mind; and even when they pursue *external* Objects, are not much affected by a Disappointment, but renew their Application and Industry with the greatest Chearfulness. Nothing contributes more to Happiness than this Turn of Mind.

ACCORDING to this short and imperfect Sketch of human Life, the happiest Disposition of Mind is the *virtuous*; or, in other Words, that which leads to Action and Employment, renders us sensible to the social Passions, steels the Heart against the Assaults of Fortune, reduces the Affections to a just Moderation, makes our own Thoughts an Entertainment to us, and inclines us rather to the Pleasures of Society and Conversation, than to those of the Senses. This, in the mean Time, must be obvious to the most careless Reasoner, that all Dispositions of Mind are not alike favourable to Happiness, and that one Passion or Humour may be extremely desirable, while another is equally hateful. And indeed, all the Difference betwixt the Conditions of Life depends upon the Mind; nor is there any Situation of Affairs, in itself, preferable

ferable to another. Good and Ill, both natural and moral, are entirely relative to human Sentiments and Affections. No Man wou'd ever be unhappy, cou'd he alter his Feelings. *Proteus*-like, he wou'd elude all Attacks, by the continual Alterations of his Shape and Form.

BUT this Resource Nature has, in a great Measure, depriv'd us of. The Fabric and Constitution of our Mind no more depends on our Choice, than that of our Body. The Generality of Men have not even the smallest Notion, that any Alteration in this Respect can ever be desirable. As a Stream necessarily follows the several Inclinations of the Ground, on which it runs ; so are the ignorant and thoughtless Part of Mankind actuated by their natural Propensities. Such are effectually excluded from all Pretensions to Philosophy, and the *Medicine of the Mind*, so much boasted. But even upon the wise and thoughtful, Nature has a prodigious Influence ; nor is it always in a Man's Power, by the utmost Art and Industry, to correct his Temper, and attain that virtuous Character, to which he aspires. The Empire of Philosophy extends
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over a few ; and with Regard to these too, her Authority is very weak and limited. Men may well be sensible of the Value of Virtue, and may desire to attain it ; but 'tis not always certain, that they will be successful in their Wishes.

WHOEVER considers, without Prejudice, the Course of human Actions, will find, that Men are almost entirely guided by Constitution and Temper, and that general Maxims have little Influence, but so far as they affect our Taste or Sentiment. If a Man have a lively Sense of Honour and Virtue, with moderate Passions, his Conduct will always be conformable to the Rules of Morality ; or if he depart from them, his Return will be easy and expeditious. But, on the other Hand, where one is born of so perverse a Frame of Mind, of so callous and insensible a Disposition, as to have no Relish for Virtue and Humanity, no Sympathy with his Fellow-creatures, no Desire of Esteem and Applause ; such a one must be allow'd to be entirely incurable, nor is there any Remedy in Philosophy. He reaps no Satisfaction but from low and sensual Objects, or from the Indulgence of malignant

gnant Passions: He feels no Remorse to controul his vicious Inclinations: He has not even that Sense or Taste, which is requisite to make him desire a better Character: For my Part, I know not how I should address myself to such a one, or by what Arguments I shou'd endeavour to reform him. Shou'd I tell him of the inward Satisfaction that results from laudable and human Actions, the delicate Pleasures of disinterested Love and Friendship, the lasting Enjoyments of a good Name and an established Character; he might still reply, that these were, perhaps, Pleasures to such as were susceptible of them; but that, for his Part, he finds himself of a quite different Turn and Disposition. I must repeat it; my Philosophy affords no Remedy in such a Case, nor cou'd I do any Thing but lament this Person's unhappy Condition. But then I ask, If any other Philosophy can afford a Remedy; or if it be possible, by any System, to render all Mankind virtuous, however perverse may be their natural Frame of Mind? Experience will soon convince us of the contrary; and I will venture to affirm, That, perhaps, the chief Benefit, which results from Philosophy, arises in an indirect Manner. 'Tis certain, that a seri-

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ous Application to the Sciences and liberal Arts, softens and humanizes the Temper, and cherishes those fine Emotions, in which true Virtue and Honour consists. It rarely, very rarely happens, that a Man of Taste and Learning is not, at least, an honest Man, whatever Frailties may attend him. The Bent of his Mind to speculative Studies must mortify in him the Passions of Interest and Ambition, and must, at the same Time, give him a greater Sensibility of all the Decencies and Duties of Life. He feels more fully a moral Distinction in Characters and Manners; nor is his Sense of this Kind diminish'd, but, on the contrary, it is much encreas'd, by his Speculations.

BESIDES such insensible Changes upon the Temper and Disposition, 'tis highly probable, that others may be produc'd by Study and Application. The prodigious Effects of Education may convince us, that the Mind is not altogether stubborn and inflexible, but will admit of many Alterations from its original Make and Structure. Let a Man propose to himself the Model of a Character, which he approves of; let him be well acquainted with those

those Particulars, in which his own Character deviates from this Model: Let him keep a constant Watch over himself, and bend his Mind, by a continual Effort, from the Vices towards the Virtues; and I doubt not but, in Time, he will find, in his Temper, an Alteration to the better.

HABIT is another powerful Means of reforming the Mind, and implanting in it good Dispositions and Inclinations. A Man who continues for some Time in a Course of Sobriety and Temperance, will hate Riot and Disorder: If he engage himself in Business or Study, Indolence will seem a Punishment to him: If he constrain himself to practise Beneficence and Affability, he will soon abhor all Instances of Pride and Violence. Where one is thoroughly convinc'd, that the virtuous Course of Life is preferable; if he has but Resolution enough to impose a Violence on himself for some Time; his Reformation need not be despair'd of. The Misfortune is, that this Conviction and this Resolution never can have Place, unless a Man be, before hand, tolerably virtuous.

HERE then is the utmost Triumph of Art and Philosophy: It insensibly refines the Temper, and it points out to us those Dispositions which we shou'd endeavour to attain, by a constant *Bent* of Mind, and by repeated *Habit*. Beyond this I cannot acknowledge its Influence; and I must entertain great Doubts concerning all those Exhortations and Consolations, which are in such Vogue among all speculative Reasoners.

WE have already observ'd, That no Objects are, of themselves, desirable or odious, valuable or despicable; but that all Objects acquire these Qualities from the particular Character and Constitution of the Mind, which surveys them. To diminish, therefore, or augment any Person's Value for an Object, to excite or moderate his Passions, there are no direct Arguments or Reasons, which can be employ'd with any Force or Influence. The catching Flies, like *Domitian*, if it give more Pleasure, is preferable to the hunting wild Beasts, like *William Rufus*, or conquering Kingdoms, like *Alexander*.

BUT

BUT tho' the Value of every Object can be determin'd only by the Sentiments or Passions of every Individual, we may observe, That the Passions, in pronouncing their Verdict, consider not the Object simply, as it is in itself, but survey it with all the Circumstances that attend it. A Man transported with Joy, on Account of his possessing a Diamond, confines not his View to the glistering Stone before him: He also considers its Rarity, and from thence chiefly arises his Pleasure and Exultation. Here therefore a Philosopher may step in, and suggest particular Views and Considerations, and Circumstances, which otherwise wou'd have escap'd us; and, by that Means, he may either moderate or excite any particular Passion.

IT may seem unreasonable absolutely to deny the Authority of Philosophy in this Respect: But it must be confest, that there lyes this strong Presumption against it, That if these Views be natural and obvious, they wou'd have occur'd of themselves, without the Assistance of Philosophy; if they be not natural, they can never have any Influence on the Affections. *These* are of a very delicate Nature, and cannot be forced or constrained by the
utmost

utmost Art and Industry. A Consideration, which we seek for on Purpose, which we enter into with Difficulty, which we retain with Care and Attention, can never produce those genuine and durable Movements of Passion, which are the Result of Nature, and the Constitution of the Mind. A Man may as well pretend to cure himself of Love, by viewing his Mistress thro' the *artificial* Medium of a Microscope, or Prospect, and beholding there the Coarseness of her Skin, and monstrous Disproportion of her Features, as hope to excite or moderate any Passion by the *artificial* Arguments of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The Remembrance of the natural Aspect and Situation of the Objects will, in both Cases, still return upon him. The Reflections of Philosophy are too subtle and distant to take Place in common Life, or eradicate any Affection. The Air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the Winds and Clouds of the Atmosphere.

ANOTHER Defect of those Reflections, which Philosophy presents to us, is, That commonly they cannot diminish or extinguish our vicious Passions, without diminishing or extinguishing such

such as are virtuous, and rendering the Mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the most Part, general, and are applicable to all our Affections. In vain do we hope to direct their Influence only to one Side. If by incessant Study and Meditation we have rendered them very intimate and present to us, they will operate throughout, and spread an universal Insensibility over the Mind. When we destroy the Nerves, we extinguish the Sense of Pleasure, along with that of Pain.

It will be easy, by one Glance of the Eye, to find one or other of these Defects in most of those philosophical Reflections, so much celebrated both in antient and modern Times. *Let not the Injuries or Violence of Men,* says *Marcus Aurelius*, *ever discompose you by Anger or Hatred. Wou'd you be angry at the Ape for its Malice, or the Tyger for its Ferocity?* This Reflection leads us into a bad Opinion of human Nature, and must extinguish the social Affections. It tends also to remove all Remorse for a Man's own Crimes, when he considers, that Vice is as natural to Mankind, as the particular Instincts to Brute-Creatures,

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ALL Ills arise from the Order of the Universe, which is absolutely perfect. Wou'd you wish to disturb so divine an Order for the Sake of your own particular Interest. What if the Ills I suffer arise from Malice or Oppression? But the Vices and Imperfections of Men are also comprehended in the Order of the Universe.

If Plagues and Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Design, Why then a Borgia or a Cataline?

Let this be allow'd; and my own Vices will also be a Part of the same Order.

MAN is born to be miserable; and is he surpriz'd at any particular Misfortune? And can he give Way to Sorrow and Lamentation upon Account of any Disaster? Yes: He very reasonably laments, that he shou'd be born to be miserable. Your Consolation presents a hundred Ills for one, that you pretend to ease him of.

YOU shou'd always have before your Eyes Death, Disease, Poverty, Blindness, Exile, Calumny, and Infamy, as Ills which are incident to human Nature. When any of these Ills falls to your Lot, you will bear it the better that you have laid your Account with it. I
answer,

answer, If we confine ourselves to a general and distant Reflection on the Ills of human Life, *that* can have no Effect to prepare us for them. If by close and intense Meditation we render them present and intimate to us, *that* is the true Secret to poison all our Pleasures, and render us perpetually miserable.

YOUR Sorrow is fruitless, and will not change the Course of Destiny. Very true: And for that very Reason I am sorry.

CICERO's Consolation for Deafness is somewhat curious. *How many Languages are there, says he, which you do not understand? The Punic, Spanish, Gallic, Ægyptian, &c. With regard to all these, you are as if you were deaf, and yet you are indifferent about the Matter. Is it then so great a Misfortune to be deaf to one Language more*?*

I LIKE better the Repartee of *Antipater* the *Cyreniac*, when some Women were condoling with him for his Blindness. *What!* says he, *Do you think there are no Pleasures in the Dark?*

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* *Tusc. Quæst. Lib. V.*

NOTHING can be more destructive, says Fontenelle, to Ambition, and the Passion for Conquests, than the true System of Astronomy. What a poor Thing is even the whole Globe, in Comparison of the infinite Extent of Nature? This Consideration is evidently too distant ever to have any Effect. And if it had any, wou'd it not destroy Patriotism as well as Ambition? The same gallant Author adds with some Reason, that the bright Eyes of the Ladies are the only Objects, which lose nothing of their Lustre or Value from the most extensive Views of Astronomy and Philosophy, but stand Proof against every System. Wou'd Philosophers advise us to limit our Affection to them?

THERE are only two Considerations to be met with in Books of Philosophy, from which any Effect is to be expected; and that because these two Considerations alone are drawn from common Life, and occur upon the most superficial View of human Affairs. When we consider the Shortness and Uncertainty of Life, how frivolous do all our Pursuits of Happiness appear? And even, if we wou'd extend our Concern beyond our own Life, how frivolous

volous do our most enlarg'd and most generous Projects appear, when we consider the incessant Changes and Revolutions of human Affairs, by which Laws and Learning, Books and Governments are hurry'd away by Time, as by a rapid Stream, and are lost in the immense Ocean of Matter? Such a Reflection does certainly tend to mortify all our Passions: But does it not thereby counter-work the Artifice of Nature, who has happily deceiv'd us into an Opinion, that human Life is of some Importance? And may not such a Reflection be employ'd with Success by voluptuous Reasoners, to lead us from the Paths of Action and Virtue, into the flowery Fields of Indolence and Pleasure?

WE are inform'd by *Thucydides*, that, during the famous Plague of *Athens*, when Death seem'd present to every one's Eyes, a dissolute Mirth and Gaiety prevail'd among the People, who exhorted one another to make the most of Life as long as it endur'd. The same Principle makes Soldiers, during War, to be more addicted to Riot and Expence, than any other Race of Men: And 'tis observable, in this Kingdom, that long Peace,

by producing Security, has much alter'd them in this Particular, and has quite remov'd our Officers from the generous Character of their Profession.

THE *second* Philosophical Consideration, which may often have an Influence on the Affections, is deriv'd from a Comparison of our own Condition with the Condition of others. This Comparison we are continually making, even in common Life; but the Misfortune is, that we are apt rather to compare our Situation with that of our Superiors, than with that of our Inferiours. A Philosopher corrects this natural Infirmary, by turning his View to the other Side, in order to render himself easy in the Situation wherein Fortune has plac'd him. There are few People, who are not susceptible of some Consolation from this Reflection; tho', to a very good-natur'd Man, the View of human Miseries shou'd rather produce Sorrow than Comfort, and add to his Lamentations for his own Misfortunes a deep Compassion for those of others. Such is the Imperfection, even of the best of these philosophical Topics of Consolation.

I SHALL

I SHALL conclude this Subject with observing, That tho' Virtue be undoubtedly the best Choice, when it is attainable; yet such is the Disorder and Confusion of human Affairs, that no perfect Oeconomy or regular Distribution of Happiness and Misery is ever, in this Life, to be expected. Not only the Goods of Fortune, and the Endowments of the Body, (both which are of great Importance) not only these Advantages, I say, are unequally divided betwixt the virtuous and vicious, but even the Mind itself partakes, in some Degree, of this Disorder, and the most worthy Character, by the very Oeconomy of the Passions, does not always enjoy the highest Felicity.

'Tis observable, that tho' every bodily Disease or Pain proceeds from some Disorder in the Parts, yet the Pain is not always proportion'd to the Disorder; but is greater or less, according to the greater or less Sensibility of the Part, upon which the noxious Humours exert their Influence. A *Tooth-ach* produces more violent Convulsions of Pain, than a *Phthisis*, or a *Dropsy*. In like Manner, with regard to the Constitution of the Mind, we may observe, that all Vice is indeed pernicious;

ous; but yet the Disturbance or Pain is not measur'd out by Nature with exact Proportion to the Degrees of Vice, nor is the Man of highest Virtue, even abstracting from external Accidents, always the most happy. A gloomy and melancholy Disposition is certainly, *to our Sentiments*, a Vice or Imperfection; but as it may be accompany'd with a great Sense of Honour and great Integrity, it may be found in very worthy Characters; tho' 'tis sufficient alone to imbitter Life, and render the Person affected with it compleatly miserable. On the other Hand, a selfish Villain may possess a Spring and Alacrity of Temper, a certain *Gaieté de cœur*, which is indeed a good Quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its Merit, and when attended with good Fortune, will compensate the Uneasiness and Remorse arising from all the other Vices.

I SHALL add, as an Observation to the same Purpose, that if a Man be liable to a Vice or Imperfection, it may often happen, that a good Quality, which he possesses along with it, will render him more miserable, than if he were compleatly vicious. A Person of such a Weakness and Imbecillity of Temper, as to
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be easily broke by Affliction, is more unhappy for being endow'd with a generous and friendly Disposition, which gives him a lively Concern for others, and exposes him the more to Fortune and Accidents. A Sense of Shame, in an imperfect Character, is certainly a Virtue, but produces great Uneasiness and Remorse, from which the abandon'd Villain is intirely free. A very amorous Complexion, with a Heart incapable of Friendship, is happier than the same Excess in Love, with a Generosity of Temper, which transports a Man beyond himself, and renders him a total Slave to the Object of his Passion.

IN a Word, Human Life is more govern'd by Fortune than by Reason; is to be regarded more as a dull Pastime than as a serious Occupation; and is more influenc'd by particular Humour than by general Principles. Shall we engage ourselves in it with Passion and Anxiety? It is not worthy of so much Concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens? We lose all the Pleasure of the Game by our Phlegm and Carelessness. While we are reasoning concerning Life, Life is gone; and Death, tho' *perhaps* they receive him differently

ferently, yet treats alike the Fool and the Philosopher. To reduce Life to exact Rule and Method, is commonly a painful, oft a fruitless Occupation: And is it not also a Proof, that we over-value the Prize we contend for? Even to reason so carefully concerning it, and to fix with Accuracy its just Idea, would be over-valuing it, were it not that, to some Tempers, this Occupation is one of the most amusing, in which Life cou'd possibly be employ'd.

ESSAY X.

Of POLYGAMY and DIVORCES.

AS Marriage is an Engagement enter'd into by mutual Consent, and, having for its End the Propagation of the Species, 'tis evident it must be susceptible of all the Variety of Conditions, which mutual Consent establishes, provided they be not contrary to this End.

A MAN, in conjoining himself to a Woman, is bound to her according to the Terms of his Engagement : In begetting Children, he is bound, by all the Laws of Nature and Humanity, to provide for their Subsistence and Education. When he has perform'd these two Parts of his Duty, no Being can reproach him with Injustice or Injury. And as the Terms of his Engagement, as well as the Methods of subsisting his Offspring, may be very various, 'tis mere Superstition to imagine, that Marriage can be intirely uniform, and will
admit

admit only of one Mode or Form. Did not human Laws restrain the natural Liberty of Men, every particular Marriage wou'd be as different from another, as Contracts or Bargains of any other Kind or Species.

As Circumstances vary, and the Laws propose different Advantages, we find, that, in different Times and Places, they impose different Conditions on this important Contract. In *Tonquin* 'tis usual for the Sailors, when the Ships come into the Harbour, to marry for the Season; and, notwithstanding this precarious Engagement, they are assur'd of the strictest Fidelity to their Bed, as well as in the whole Management of their Affairs, from those temporary Spouses.

I CANNOT, at present, recollect my Authorities; but I have somewhere read, That the Republic of *Athens*, having lost many of its Citizens by War and Pestilence, allow'd every Man to marry two Wives, in order the sooner to repair the Waste which had been made by these Calamities. The Poet *Euripides*, happen'd to be coupled to two ugly Virgins, who so plagu'd him with their Jealousies

fies and Quarrels, that he became ever after a profess'd *Woman-hater*; and is the only theatrical Writer, perhaps the only Poet, that ever entertain'd an Aversion against the whole Sex.

IN that agreeable Romance, call'd *the History of the Sevarambians*, where a great many Men and a few Women are suppos'd to be shipwreck'd on a desert Coast; the Captain of the Troop, in order to obviate those endless Quarrels that arose, regulates their Marriages after the following Manner: He takes a handsome Female to himself alone; assigns one to every couple of inferior Officers; and to five of the lowest Rank he gives one Wife in common. Cou'd the greatest Legislator, in such Circumstances, have contriv'd Matters with greater Wisdom?

THE antient *Britons* had a very singular Kind of Marriage, which is to be met with among no other People. Any Number of them, as ten or a dozen, join'd in a Society together, which was perhaps requisite for mutual Defence in those barbarous Times. In order to link this Society the closer, they took

an equal Number of Wives in common, and whatever Children were born, were reputed to belong to all of them, and were accordingly provided for by the whole Community.

AMONG the inferior Creatures, Nature herself, being the supreme Legislator, prescribes all the Laws which regulates their Marriages, and varies those Laws according to the different Circumstances of the Creature. Where she furnishes, with Ease, Food and Defence to the new-born Animal, the present Embrace terminates the Marriage; and the Care of the Offspring is committed intirely to the Female. Where the Food is of more difficult Purchase, the Marriage continues for one Season, till the common Progeny can provide for itself; and then the Link immediately dissolves, and leaves each of the Parties free to enter into a new Engagement at the ensuing Season. But Nature having endow'd Man with Reason, has not so exactly regulated every Article of his Marriage-contract, but has left him to adjust them, by his own Prudence, according to his particular Circumstances and Situation. Municipal Laws are a Supply to the Wisdom of each Individual; and, at the same Time,
by

by restraining the natural Liberty of Men, make the private Interest submit to the Interest of the Public. All Regulations, therefore, on this Head are equally lawful, and equally conformable to the Principles of Nature; tho' they are not all equally convenient, or equally useful to Society. The Laws may allow of Polygamy, as among the *Eastern Nations*; or of voluntary Divorces, as among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; or they may confine one Man to one Woman, during the whole Course of their Lives, as among the modern *Europeans*. It may not be disagreeable to consider the Advantages and Disadvantages of each of these Institutions.

THE Advocates for Polygamy may recommend it as the only effectual Remedy for the Furies and Disorders of Love, and the only Expedient for freeing Men from that Slavery to the Females, which the natural Violence of our Passions has impos'd on us. By this Means alone can we regain our Right of Sovereignty; and, by sating our Appetite, re-establish the Authority of Reason in our Minds, and, of Consequence, our own Authority in our Families. Man, like a weak Sovereign,
being

being unable to support himself against the Wiles and Intrigues of his Subjects, must play one Faction against another, and become absolute by the mutual Jealousies of the Females. *To divide and to govern* is an universal Maxim; and, by neglecting it, the *Europeans* undergo a more grievous and a more ignominious Slavery than the *Turks* or *Persians*, who are subjected indeed to a Sovereign, that lyes at a Distance from them, but in their domestic Affairs rule with an uncontrollable Sway. An honest *Turk*, who should come from his *Se-raglio*, where every one trembles before him, wou'd be surpriz'd to see *Sylvia* in her drawing Room, ador'd by all the Beaus and pretty Fellows about Town, and he wou'd certainly take her for some mighty and despotic Queen, surrounded by her Guard of obsequious Slaves and Eunuchs.

ON the other Hand, it may be urg'd with better Reason, That this Sovereignty of the Man is a real Usurpation, and destroys that Nearness, not to say Equality of Rank, which Nature has establish'd betwixt the Sexes. We are, by Nature, their Lovers, their Friends, their Patrons: Wou'd we willingly change
such

such endearing Appellations for the barbarous Titles of Master and Tyrant?

IN what Capacity shall we gain by this inhuman Proceeding? As Lovers, or as Husbands? The *Lover* is totally annihilated; and Courtship, the most agreeable Scene in human Life, can no longer have Place, where Women have not the free Disposol of themselves, but are bought and sold, like the meanest Animals. The *Husband* is as little a Gainer, having found the admirable Secret of extinguishing every Part of Love, except its Jealousy. There is no Rose without its Thorn; but he must be a foolish Wretch indeed, who throws away the Rose, and preserves only the Thorn.

I wou'd not willingly insist upon it as an Advantage in our *European* Customs, what was observ'd by *Mehemet Effendi* the last Turkish Ambassador in *France*. We Turks, says he, are great Simpletons in Comparison of the Christians. We are at the Expence and Trouble of keeping a Seraglio, each in his own House: But you ease yourselves of this Burden, and have your Seraglio in your Friends Houses.

The

The known Virtue of our *British* Ladies free them sufficiently from this Imputation: And the *Turk* himself, however great a *Turk*, must own, that our free Commerce with the Fair-Sex, more than any other Invention, embellishes, enlivens, and polishes Society.

BUT the *Asiatic* Manners are as destructive to Friendship as to Love. Jealousy excludes Men from all Intimacies and Familiarities. No Man dare bring his Friend to his House or Table, lest he bring a Lover to his numerous Wives. Hence all over the East, each Family is as separate from another, as if they were so many distinct Kingdoms. No Wonder then, that *Solomon*, living like an Eastern Prince, with his seven hundred Wives and three hundred Concubines, without one Friend, cou'd write so pathetically concerning the Vanity of the World. Had he try'd the Secret of one Wife or Mistress, a few Friends, and a great many Companions, he might have found Life somewhat more agreeable. Destroy Love and Friendship, what does there remain in the World worth accepting?

To

To render Polygamy more odious, I need not recount the frightful Effects of Jealousy, and the Constraint in which it holds the Fair Sex all over the East. In those Countries Men are not allow'd to have any Commerce with the Females, not even Physicians, when Sickness may be suppos'd to have extinguish'd all wanton Passions in the Bosoms of the Fair, and, at the same Time, has render'd them unfit Objects of Desire. *Tournefort* tells us, That when he was brought into the *Grand Seignior's* Seraglio as a Physician, he was not a little surpriz'd, in looking along a Gallery, to see a great Number of naked Arms, standing out from the Sides of the Room. He cou'd not imagine what this cou'd mean; 'till he was told, that those Arms belong'd to Bodies, which he must cure, without knowing any more about them, than what he cou'd learn from the Arms: He was not allow'd to ask a Question of the Patient, or even of her Attendants, lest he might find it necessary to enquire concerning Circumstances, which the Delicacy of the Seraglio allows not to be reveal'd. Hence the Physicians in the Eastern Countries pretend to know all Diseases from the Pulse; as our Quacks in *Europe* undertake

to

to cure a Person merely from seeing his Water. I suppose, had *Monsieur Tournesfort* been of this latter Kind, he wou'd not, in *Constantinople*, have been allow'd by the jealous *Turks* to be furnish'd with Materials requisite for exercising his Art.

IN another Country, where Polygamy is also allow'd, they render their Wives Cripples, and make their Feet of no Use to them, in order to confine them to their own Houses. But it will, perhaps, surprize the Reader to hear, that in a *Europaan* Country, where Polygamy is not allow'd, Jealousy can yet be carry'd to such a Height, that it is indecent so much as to suppose a Woman of Rank can have Feet or Legs. A *Spaniard* is jealous of the very Thoughts of those who approach his Wife; and, if possible, will prevent his being dishonour'd, even by the Wantonness of Imagination. Witness the following Story, which we have from very good Authority †. When the Mother of the late King of *Spain* was on her Road towards *Madrid*, she past thro' a little Town in *Spain*, famous for its Manufactory

† *Memoires de la cour d'Espagne par Madame d'Aunoy.*

tory of Gloves and Stockings. The honest Magistrates of the Place thought they cou'd not better express their Joy, for the Reception of their new Queen, than by presenting her with a Sample of those Commodities, for which alone their Town was remarkable. The *Major-Domo* who conducted the Queen, receiv'd the Gloves very graciously: But when the Stockings were presented, he flung them away with great Indignation, and severely reprimanded the Magistrates for this egregious Piece of Indecency. *Know*, says he, *That a Queen of Spain has no Legs*. The poor young Queen, who, at that Time, understood the Language but very imperfectly, and had been often frighten'd with Stories of *Spanish* Jealousy, imagin'd they were to cut off her Legs. Upon which she fell a crying, and begg'd them to conduct her back to *Germany*; for that she never cou'd endure that Operation: And it was with some Difficulty they cou'd appease her. *Philip IV.* is said never in his Life to have laugh'd heartily, but at the Recital of this Story.

IF a *Spanish* Lady must not be suppos'd to have Legs, what must be suppos'd of a *Tur-*

kish Lady? She must not be suppos'd to have a Being at all. Accordingly, 'tis esteem'd a Piece of Rudeness and Indecency at *Constantinople*, ever to make mention of a Man's Wives before him †. In *Europe*, 'tis true, fine bred People make it also a Rule never to talk of their Wives: But the Reason is not founded on our Jealousy. I suppose it is because we shou'd be apt, were it not for this Rule, to become troublesome to Company, by talking too much of them.

THE President *Montesquieu* has given a different Reason for this polite Maxim, *Men*, says he, *never care to mention their Wives in Company, lest they should talk of them before People, that know them better than they do themselves.*

HAVING rejected Polygamy, and match'd one Man with one Woman, let us now consider what Duration we shall assign to their Union, and whether we shall admit of those voluntary Divorces, which were in Use among the *Greeks* and *Romans*. They who
wou'd

† *Memoires de Marquis d'Argens.*

wou'd defend this Practice, may imploy the following Reasons.

How often does Disgust and Averſion ariſe after Marriage, from the moſt trivial Accidents, or from an Incompatibility of Humour; where Time, inſtead of curing the Wounds proceeding from mutual Injuries, does every Day feſter them the more, by new Quarrels and Reproaches? Let us ſeparate Hearts, which are not made for each other. Each of them may, perhaps, find another, for which it is better fitted: At leaſt, nothing can be more cruel, than to preſerve, by Violence, an Union, which, at firſt, was made by mutual Love, and is now, in Effect, diſſolv'd by mutual Hatred,

BUT the Liberty of Divorces is not only a Cure to Hatred and domeſtic Quarrels; it is alſo an admirable Preſervative againſt them, and the only Secret for keeping alive that Love, which firſt united the marry'd Couple. The Heart of Man delights in Liberty: The very Image of Constraint is grievous to it: When you wou'd confine it by Violence, to what you'd otherwiſe have been its Choice,

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its Inclination immediately changes, and Desire is turn'd into Aversion. If the public Interest will not allow us to enjoy in Polygamy that *Variety*, which is so agreeable in Love; deprive us not at least of that *Liberty*, which is so essentially requisite. In vain you tell me, that I had my Choice of the Person, with whom I wou'd conjoin myself. I had my Choice, 'tis true, of my Prison; but this is but a small Comfort, since it must still be a Prison.

SUCH are the Arguments, which may be urg'd in favour of Divorces: But there seem to be these three unanswerable Objections against them; *First*, What must become of the Children, upon the Separation of the Parents? Must they be committed to the Care of a Stepmother; and, instead of the fond Care and Concern of a Mother, feel all the Indifference or Hatred of a Stranger or an Enemy? These Inconveniencies are sufficiently felt, where Nature has made the Divorce by the Doom inevitable to all Mortals: And shall we seek to multiply these Inconveniencies, by multiplying Divorces, and putting it in the Power of Parents,

Parents, upon every Caprice, to render their Posterity miserable?

Secondly, If it be true, on the one Hand, that the Heart of Man naturally delights in Liberty, and hates every Thing to which it is confin'd; 'tis also true, on the other Hand, that the Heart of Man naturally submits to Necessity, and soon loses an Inclination when there appears an absolute Impossibility of satisfying it. These Principles of human Nature, you'll say, are contradictory: But what is Man but a Heap of Contradictions? Tho' 'tis remarkable, that where Principles are, after this Manner, contrary in their Operation, they do not always destroy each other; but the one or the other may predominate on any particular Occasion, according as Circumstances are more or less favourable to it. For Instance, Love is a restless and impatient Passion, full of Caprices and Variations; arising in a Moment from a Feature, from an Air, from nothing, and suddenly extinguishing after the same Manner. Such a Passion requires Liberty above all Things; and therefore *Eloisa* had Reason, when, in order to preserve this Passion, she refus'd to marry her beloved *Abelard*.

How

*How oft, when prest to Marriage, have I said,
Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made.
Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
Spreads his light Wing, and in a Moment flies.*

But *Friendship* is a calm and sedate Affection, conducted by Reason, and cemented by Habit; springing from long Acquaintance and mutual Obligations; without Jealousies or Fears, and without those feverish Fits of Heat and Cold, which cause such an agreeable Torment in the amorous Passion. So sober an Affection, therefore, as *Friendship*, rather thrives under Constraint, and never rises to such a Height, as when any strong Interest or Necessity binds two Persons together, and gives them some common Object of Pursuit. Let us consider then, whether Love or *Friendship* shou'd most predominate in Marriage; and we shall soon determine whether Liberty or Constraint be most favourable to it. The happiest Marriages, to be sure, are found where Love, by long Acquaintance, is consolidated into *Friendship*. Whoever dreams of Raptures and Extasies beyond the Honey-moon, is a Fool. Even Romances themselves, with all their Liberty of Fiction, are oblig'd to drop their Lovers the very Day of their Marriage, and find

it

it easier to support the Passion for a dozen of Years under Coldness, Disdain and Difficulties, than a Week under Possession and Security. We need not, therefore, be afraid of drawing the Marriage-knot the closest possible; the Friendship betwixt the Persons, where it is solid and sincere, will rather gain by it: And where it is wavering and uncertain, this is the best Expedient for fixing it. How many frivolous Quarrels and Disgusts are there, which People of common Prudence endeavour to forget, when they ly under the Necessity of passing their Lives together; but which wou'd soon inflame into the most deadly Hatred, were they pursu'd to the utmost, under the Prospect of an easy Separation?

IN the *third* Place, we must consider, that nothing is more dangerous than to unite two Persons so close in all their Interests and Concerns, as Man and Wife, without rendering the Union intire and total. The least Possibility of a separate Interest must be the Source of endless Quarrels and Jealousies. What Dr. Parnel calls

The little pilfering Temper of a Wife,
will be doubly ruinous; and the Husband's
Selfish-

Selfishness, being accompany'd with more Power, may be still more dangerous.

SHOU'D these Reasons against voluntary Divorces be esteem'd insufficient, I hope no Body will pretend to refuse the Testimony of Experience. At the Time that Divorces were most frequent among the *Romans*, Marriages were most rare; and *Augustus* was oblig'd, by penal Laws, to force the Men of Fashion of *Rome* into the married State: A Circumstance which is scarce to be found in any other Age or Nation.

THE Exclusion of Polygamy and Divorces sufficiently recommends our present *European* Practice, with Regard to Marriage.

ESSAY XI.

Of SIMPLICITY *and* REFINEMENT.

FINE Writing, according to Mr. *Addison*, consists of Sentiments, which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster, and more concise Definition of fine Writing.

SENTIMENTS, which are merely natural, affect not the Mind with any Pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our Attention. The Pleasantries of a Waterman, the Observations of a Peasant, the Ribaldry of a Porter or Hackney-coach Man; all these are natural, and disagreeable. What an insipid Comedy shou'd we make of the Chit-chat of a Teatable, copy'd faithfully and at full Length? Nothing can please Persons of Taste, but Nature drawn with all her Graces and Ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low Life, the Strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a lively Image to the

Mind. The absurd † Naivety of *Sancho Pancho* is represented in such inimitable Colours by *Cervantes*, that it entertains as much as the Picture of the most magnanimous Hero, or softest Lover.

THE Case is the same with Orators, Philosophers, Critics, or any Author, who speaks in his own Person, without introducing other Speakers or Actors. If his Language be not elegant, his Observations uncommon, his Sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his Nature and Simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the Unhappiness of such Authors, that they are never blam'd nor censur'd. The good Fortune of a Book, and that of a Man, are not the same. The secret deceiving Path of Life, which *Horace* talks of, *fallentis semita vita*, may be the happiest Lot of the one; but is the greatest Misfortune that the other can possibly fall into.

ON the other Hand, Productions, which are merely surprising, without being natural, can

† A Word which I have borrow'd from the *French*, and which is much wanted in our Language.

can never give any lasting Entertainment to the Mind. To draw Chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The Justness of the Representation is lost, and the Mind is displeas'd to find a Picture, which bears no Resemblance to any Original. Nor are such excessive Refinements more agreeable in the epistolary or philosophic Stile than in the Epic or Tragic. Too much Ornament is a Fault in every Kind of Production. Uncommon Expressions, strong Flashes of Wit, pointed Similies, and epigrammatic Turns, especially when laid too thick, are a Disfigurement, rather than any Embelishment of Discourse. As the Eye, in surveying a *Gothic* Building, is distracted by the Multiplicity of Ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute Attention to the Parts; so the Mind, in perusing a Work over-stock'd with Wit, is fatigu'd and disgusted with the constant Endeavour to shine and surprize. This is the Case where a Writer over-abounds in Wit, even tho' that Wit, in itself, shou'd be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such Writers, that they seek for their favourite Ornaments, even where the Subject affords them not; and, by that Means, have twenty insipid

pid Conceits for one Thought that is really beautiful.

THERE is no Subject in critical Learning more copious than this of the just Mixture of Simplicity and Refinement in Writing; and therefore, not to wander in too large a Field, I shall confine myself to a few general Observations on that Head.

First, I observe, That tho' the Excesses of both Kinds are to be avoided, and tho' a proper Medium ought to be study'd in all Productions; yet this Medium lyes not in a Point, but admits of a very considerable Latitude. Consider the wide Distance, in this Respect, betwixt Mr. Pope and Lucretius. These seem to ly in the two greatest Extremes of Refinement and Simplicity, which a Poet can indulge himself in, wirhout being guilty of any blameable Excess. All this Interval may be fill'd with Poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar Stile and Manner. Corneille and Congreve, who carry their Wit and Refinement somewhat farther than Mr. Pope (if Poets of so different a Kind can be compar'd together)

gether) and *Sophocles* and *Terence*, who are more simple than *Lucretius*, seem to have gone out of that Medium, wherein the most perfect Productions are to be found, and are guilty of some Excess in these opposite Characters. Of all the great Poets, *Virgil* and *Racine*, in my Opinion, ly nearest the Center, and are the farthest remov'd from both the Extremities.

My second Observation on this Head is, That it is very difficult, if not impossible, to explain, by Words, wherein the just Medium betwixt the Excesses of Simplicity and Refinement consists, or to give any Rule, by which we can know precisely the Bounds betwixt the Fault and the Beauty. A Critic may not only discourse very judiciously on this Head, without instructing his Readers, but even without understanding the Matter perfectly himself. There is not in the World a finer Piece of Criticism than *Fontenelle's Dissertation on Pastorals*; wherein, by a Number of Reflections and philosophical Reasonings, he endeavours to fix the just Medium, which is suitable to that Species of Writing. But let any one read the Pastorals of that Author, and he will be
con-

convinc'd, that this judicious Critic, notwithstanding his fine Reasonings, had a false Taste, and fix'd the Point of Perfection much nearer the Extreme of Refinement, than pastoral Poetry will admit of. The Sentiments of his Shepherds are better suited to the Toilettes of *Paris*, than to the Forests of *Arcadia*. But this it is impossible to discover from his critical Reasonings. He blames all excessive Painting and Ornament as much as *Virgil* cou'd have done, had *he* wrote a Dissertation on this Species of Poetry. However different the Tastes of Men may be, their general Discourses on these Subjects are commonly the same. No Criticism can be very instructive, which descends not to Particulars, and is not full of Examples and Illustrations. 'Tis allow'd on all Hands, that Beauty, as well as Virtue, lyes always in a Medium; but where this Medium is plac'd, is the great Question, and can never be sufficiently explain'd by general Reasonings.

I SHALL deliver it as a *third* Observation on this Subject, *That we ought to be more on our Guard against the Excess of Refinement than that of Simplicity; and that because the former*

mer Excess is both less beautiful, and more dangerous than the latter.

’Tis a certain Rule, That Wit and Passion are intirely inconsistent. When the Affections are mov’d, there is no Place for the Imagination. The Mind of Man being naturally limited, ’tis impossible all its Faculties can operate at once: And the more any one predominates, the less Room is there for the others to exert their Vigour. For this Reason, a greater Degree of Simplicity is requir’d in all Compositions, where Men, and Actions, and Passions are painted, than in such as consist of Reflections and Observations. And as the former Species of Writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this Account, give the Preference to the Extreme of Simplicity above that of Refinement.

WE may also observe, That those Compositions, which we read the oftenest, and which every Man of Taste has got by Heart, have the Recommendation of Simplicity, and have nothing surprizing in the Thought, when divested of that Elegance of Expression, and Harmony of Numbers, with which it is
cloath’d.

cloath'd. If the Merit of the Composition lyes in a Point of Wit; it may strike at first; but the Mind anticipates the Thought in the second Perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an Epigram of *Martial*, the first Line recals the Whole; and I have no Pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each Line, each Word in *Catullus* has its Merit; and I am never tir'd with the Perusal of him. 'Tis sufficient to run over *Cowley* once: But *Parnel*, after the fiftieth Reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, 'tis with Books, as with Women, where a certain Plainness of Manner and of Dress is more engaging than that Glare of Paint and Airs and Apparel, which may dazle the Eye, but reaches not the Affections. *Terence* is a modest and bashful Beauty, to whom we grant every Thing, because he assumes nothing, and whose Purity and Nature, make a durable, tho' not a violent, Impression upon us.

BUT Refinement, as it is the less *beautiful*, so it is the more *dangerous* Extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for Dulness, when it is not accompany'd with great Elegance and Propriety. On the contrary.

contrary, there is something surprizing in a Blaze of Wit and Conceit. Ordinary Readers are mightily struck with it, and falsly imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as most excellent Way of Writing. *Seneca* abounds with agreeable Faults, says *Quintilian*, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that Reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the Taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I SHALL add, That the Excess of Refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever; because 'tis the Extreme, which Men are the most apt to fall into, after Learning has made great Progress, and after eminent Writers have appear'd in every Species of Composition. The Endeavour to please by Novelty, leads Men wide of Nature and Simplicity, and fills their Writings with Affectation and Conceit. 'Twas thus the Age of *Claudius* and *Nero* became so much inferior to that of *Augustus* in Taste and Genius: And perhaps there are, at present, many Symptoms of a like Degeneracy of Taste, in *France* as well as in *England*.

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ESSAY XII.

A Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

THERE never was a Man, whose Actions and Character have been more earnestly and openly canvassed, than those of the present Minister, who, having govern'd a learn'd and free Nation for so long a Time, amidst such mighty Opposition, may make a large Library of what has been wrote for and against him, and is the Subject of above Half the Paper that has been blotted in this Nation within these Twenty Years. I wish, for the Honour of our Country, that any one Character of him had been drawn with such *Judgment* and *Impartiality*, as to have some Credit with Posterity, and to show, that our Liberty has, once at least, been employ'd to good Purpose. I am only afraid of failing in the former Quality of Judgment: But if it shou'd be so, 'tis but one Page more thrown away, after an hundred Thousand,

stand, upon the same Subject, that have per-
fist'd, and become useless. In the mean Time,
I shall flatter myself with the pleasing Imagi-
nation, that the following Character will be
adopted by future Historians.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, Prime Mi-
nister of *Great Britain*, is a Man of Ability,
not a Genius; good natur'd, not virtuous;
constant, not magnanimous; moderate, not
equitable †. His Virtues, in some Instances,
are free from the Alloy of those Vices, which
usually accompany such Virtues: He is a ge-
nerous Friend, without being a bitter Enemy.
His Vices, in other Instances, are not com-
pensated by those Virtues which are nearly al-
ly'd to them: His Want of Enterprize is not
attended with Frugality. The private Chara-
cter of the Man is better than the public: His
Virtues more than his Vices: His Fortune
greater than his Fame. With many good Qua-
lities he has incurr'd the public Hatred: With
good Capacity he has not escap'd Ridicule. He
would have been esteem'd more worthy of his
high Station, had he never possess'd it; and is bet-
ter

† Moderate in the Exercise of Power, not equitable
in engrossing it.

ter qualify'd for the second than for the first Place in any Government. His Ministry has been more advantageous to his Family than to the Public, better for this Age than for Posterity, and more pernicious by bad Precedents than by real Grievances. During his Time Trade has flourish'd, Liberty declin'd, and Learning gone to Ruin. As I am a Man, I love him; as I am a Scholar, I hate him; as I am a *Briton*, I calmly wish his Fall. And were I a Member of either House, I wou'd give my Vote for removing him from *St. James's*; but shou'd be glad to see him retire to *Houghton-Hall*, to pass the Remainder of his Days in Ease and Pleasure.

F I N I S.

[illegible]

